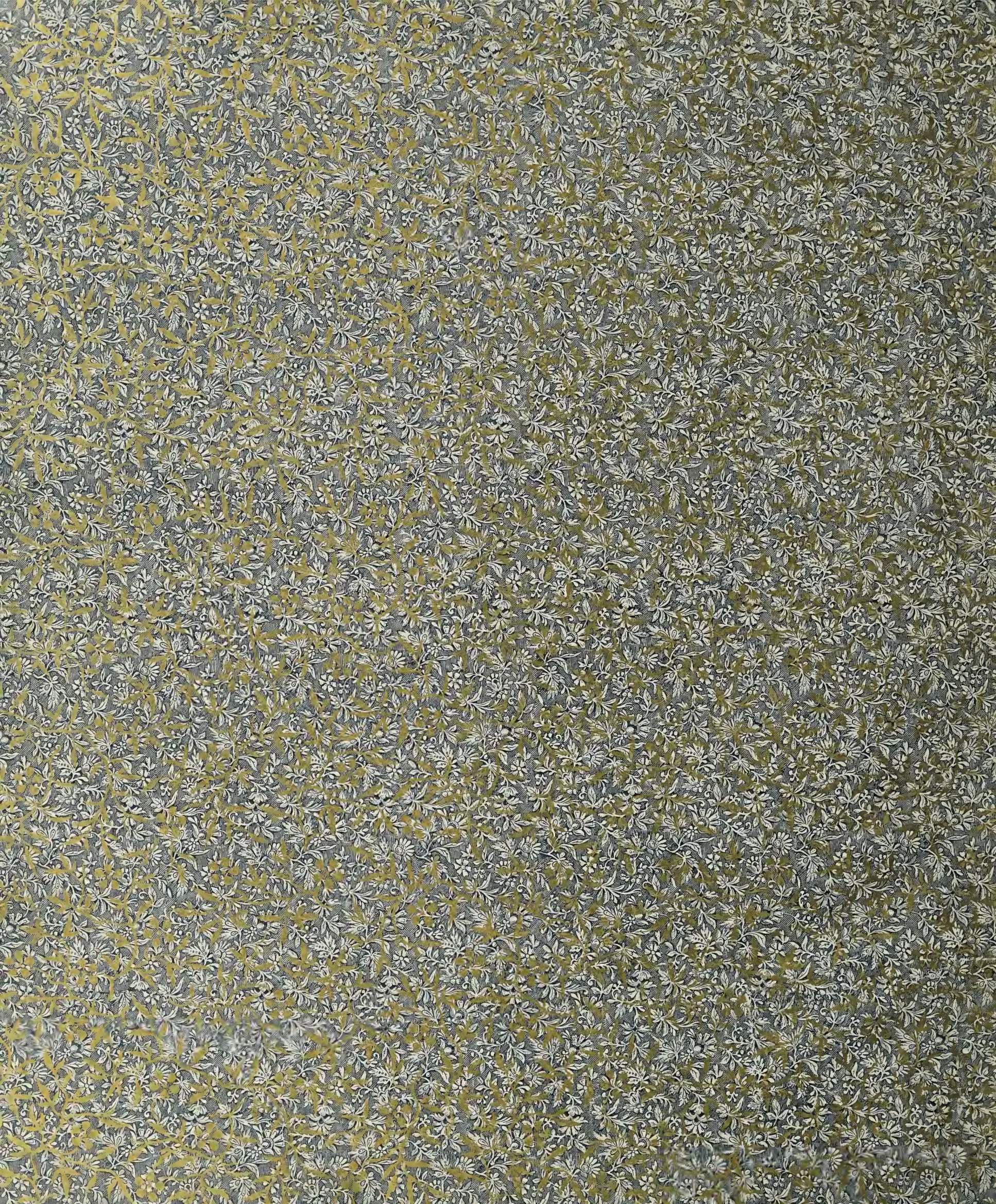
MOSAICS

1902

VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE
1845
OMNIA DEO CUM
STAUNTON, VA.

1843 – 1902



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Flora Stewart

Was Principal of "L. F. I. from 1880 to 1899.

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MOSAICS

Published *by the* Girls *of the*
VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE
STAUNTON : : : VIRGINIA

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The Virginia Female Institute.

* * *

Colors.

RED, WHITE AND RED.

Yell.

Hobble! Gobble! Hobble! Gobble!
Hip, si, hi!
Vive-a-la! Vive-a-la!
V. F. I!

"The glorious a thousand times victorious, immortal flag
of the Confederate States."

* * * * * *

"Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

DEDICATION.

TO the memory of the women of the Southern Confederacy, who, like us, had the honor of calling the old Institute their Alma Mater, and who honored her in doing so, this volume is dedicated.

Misfortunes of all kinds stood in their way; poverty, anxiety, sickness, and the death of loved ones on bloody fields: but handed down to them from generation to generation was the fortitude which enabled these Southern women, like Spartans, to pass into that great vale of sorrow and come out purified.

If once more that grand roll-call were heard in our little chapel, many a spotless name would be followed by silence. But the sweet memory of those gentle lives would rise before us. Those calm, sweet faces, lined with sorrow but stamped with victory, seem to urge us to a higher, a nobler existence as we wonder at the soft, subdued light shed by such purity and nobleness over our paths, not rugged like theirs. The faces of those left to respond to that sad roll-call bear the same heroic marks, and the influence of those quiet, magnificent lives, and the kind, encouraging words used by those who have fought the good fight and won, still guide and govern and help us to attain that noble womanhood so beautifully exemplified in them. Perhaps these pure, grand women, over whom the surge of war passed, once looked back on other lives for guidance, inspiration, and help, when gay, joyous schoolgirls, they went out with little thought of the anguish of war, but with noblest traits soon to be brought out by sorrow and pain.

Then the influence of our Alma Mater showed itself. Those beautiful ideals instilled by her into their hearts as into the hearts of those who came after and who will come, found perfection in the unspotted hearts of our Southern Confederate Alumnæ. And as they inspired, guided, and encouraged those brave soldiers, so still the dead, living in memory, and the living, by each word and deed, help us onward and upward to the high level of those women who were tried and not found wanting.

KATE PRETLOW.

INDEX.

"Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited."

Preface.

"Excellence may be considered in the light of an axiom which need only be properly put to become self-evident. It is not excellence if it requires to be demonstrated as such; and thus to point out too particularly the merits of a work of art is to admit that they are not merits altogether."

"The name 'Mosaics,'" so says a noted correspondent of ours, "suggests a remark made by a lady thirty-eight years ago when passing this school. The street had just been macadamized. It consisted of finely broken rocks, rammed down into a sort of mosaic. The lady was fond of puns. As she crossed the rough way, the pointed rocks pressing on her thin shoes made her exclaim: "This mosaic is not what it is cracked up to be. It makes my feet mos' ache."

We indorse the sentiments of our noted correspondent who trusts that we will not make his "head mos' ache with wit and learning," and we hope that you will consider our MOSAICS more than it is *cracked up to be.*

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Editorial.

"OH! the humor of it!" To plot and plan our various ventures, and, entrusting them to the protection of MOSAICS, send them forth to amaze the world. Our Pegasus will not be restrained, but bears us along at a breakneck speed. Since the first call for contributions, such an avalanche of poems, fables, narrations, etc., has fallen upon us, that were we not a large board of large editors, it is doubtful if we could bear up under the load. And from this medley we have selected what has the greatest claim to merit, what will best represent our school-life and the characteristics of our girls, and what, in later years, when in reminiscent mood we excavate this time-worn volume from its hiding-place, will give us the most vivid and the most pleasant picture of "the days that are no more."

Judge, then, our effort by our aim. And whenever we make a success, applaud it, we beg of you, and when our meaning becomes obscure, wag your head in a perplexed manner, and mutter to yourself of a subtlety of meaning which you can not grasp. Our habitual modesty will not allow us to expatiate at length on the merits of our work, so we shall let it speak for itself. And our only wish, gentle reader, is that you may gain from a perusal of it as much pleasure as we have received from writing it.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to all who have assisted us in so many ways; we render especial thanks to those who have helped us swell our index—and likewise to those who haven't—and again, as we make our retiring bow, we ask your patient indulgence; and for our Annual, long life, and a merry one!

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FRANCES MAYLE
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LYDIA DOZIER LEE
MOST ATTRACTIVE AND POPULAR GIRL
IN SCHOOL
AUGUSTA WILLEY
PRETTIEST GIRL IN SCHOOL

A Prophecy.

IT was midnight of one of the most exciting days in the annals of the V. F. I.—Election Day! My brain was still in a whirl, and my mind was but a mass of tangled thoughts of the votes, the voters, and the voted-upon, yet here I was forced to sit by the dim light of a candle and write a class prophecy, and that, too, with the class conspicuous by its absence. Truly a preposterous idea! but "what man has done, man can and must do," so, with a submissive groan, I tried to put aside all thoughts of the all-absorbing election. Still I could not help idly wondering what would become of those girls who had received a majority of votes for the prettiest, the handsomest, the most attractive, etc., and as I happened to glance at my Virgil, lying on the table, I half-mockingly cried, "Oh, for a Cassandra!"

"Who calls my name?" said a voice from the book.

To quote one of Virgil's favorite lines, "I stood amazed, my hair rose, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth." Mentally vowing never to make another rash wish, I plucked up the courage of a daughter of the V. F. I., and requested the voice to reveal to me the future fates of those girls who had been elected that day.

There was no answer, and I was sinking back, half in relief and half in despair, when I felt myself rising higher and higher till I could faintly hear the strains of a piano, which sounded very like the instrument in No. 5 practice room. At last, the sound became very loud, and I found myself on a high mountain, in a grove crowded with white figures. By my mythology I instantly recognized the spot to be Mt. Olympus, and I began to identify the various gods and goddesses. Suddenly I stopped short, for, in the midst, playing on a grand piano, sat a strangely familiar form. Jupiter himself was turning over the music. Most of the celestial beings looked bored, but Juno was watching her spouse with a look that boded ill for both him and the fair musician. I watched in puzzled silence, till the piano struck up "Creole Belles." Then I knew, and with a cry of "Anna!" would have rushed forward, but the whole scene dissolved in clouds, and I was falling down.

The motion was like a prolonged descent in an elevator, and, therefore,

I was getting uncomfortably dizzy when the unseen power deposited me on the fifth story of a tenement house. In front of me was a door with "Artist" written on it in gold letters. I opened it, and walked into what seemed to be a moderately furnished studio, with easels, casts, half-finished sketches cast about pell-mell. A despairing groan made me turn to one corner where a figure enveloped in a painting apron was slashing viciously at a canvas, and exclaiming: "Why, in the name of Michael Angelo doesn't Virginia come? The Corcoran Art Exhibition to-morrow, and I 'm at a standstill because I need her for this Cleopatra. Commend me to a model for trying the patience of Job himself." At this moment the door was thrown violently open, and a handsome brunette rushed forward, waving a newspaper, and crying, "Oh, Elsie! Have you heard the news?"

"Well," said the apron-enveloped being, sarcastically, "for the 'Queen of the Ballet Dancers' you seem slightly excited."

"Oh, do stop guying me about being a dancer. How I wish the reporters would give me another name! But listen to the news. Lydia has broken her twenty-first engagement, was married secretly last night to a minister, a widower with nine children, and sails to-day for China. There 's a whole page about the wedding here in the Journal, with pictures of the bride, the groom, the groom's father and mother, the bride's mother and father, and all nine of the children. Wonder if 'Lyds' will be *popular* with the 'heathen Chinee,' and if he 'll think her *attractive?*"

Here Virginia paused for breath, which gave the artist time to scornfully remark, "Pshaw! The truth 's not in a newspaper."

"But," triumphantly, "Nan wrote me the same thing in a letter yesterday."

"Then it 's so. What that *sweet* Nan doesn't know in the way of gossip wouldn't buy me a box of second-class water colors! How 's she getting on with her soldier boy?"

"Oh, they say she rules him completely, makes him attend to the household affairs, while she gives lectures on Woman's Rights. You never can tell what kind of women these sweet girls will make."

"Nor the *pretty* ones. Who would have expected Augusta to be unmarried at twenty-eight? She 's had suitors enough."

"Perhaps it was a case of 'too many irons in the fire.' However, she seems to enjoy being President of the Benevolent Society, Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, Manager of the Matron's Hospital, general leader in social and religious events, with her photograph among Munsey's types of fair women, and ————"

But the speech was cut short, for up the stairs came a thundering tread, the door was flung wide, and a broad-shouldered, athletic-looking woman stood on the threshold.

"Well, Mayer," cried the artist and the model. "How 'd the game come off? A mere walk-over as usual? You know the center rush of the American Basketball Team has been boasting that he was more than a match for you."

"Well," replied the champion grimly, "he won't boast again."

"What, you didnt kill him?"

"Oh, no; I just happened to fall upon him in the excitement of the game."

"Do be careful," cried Elsie, as the professional *basketball player*, overcome by her laughter, sank into a frail gold and white chair.

"By the way," said Mayer, when she had sufficiently recovered, "there were several Brazilian ministers at the game, and they told me Anne was as good a *student* as ever."

"What do they know about her?" cried Virginia and Elsie in surprise.

"Haven't you heard?" said Mayer. "Why, she studied herself into a fever at the V. F. I., was sent to South America to recuperate, took about two years to recover, then married the President of the Argentine Republic, and has recently established an Institute on the Rio de La Plata modeled after the V. F. I. She wrote me recently that she was expecting her Delsarte teacher, an old school-mate, by the evening express. Guess who. Give it up? Well, it 's Frances Mapp. She 'll enjoy teaching the little Argentinians the art of being *graceful*, and the gymnasium affords unusual advantages, as the La Plata will be just the thing for a natatorium."

Again overcome by her laughter, Mayer forgot to be cautious, and the result was that the chair gave way, and in the crash the artist, the model and queen of ballet dancers, and the champion basketball player, faded away.

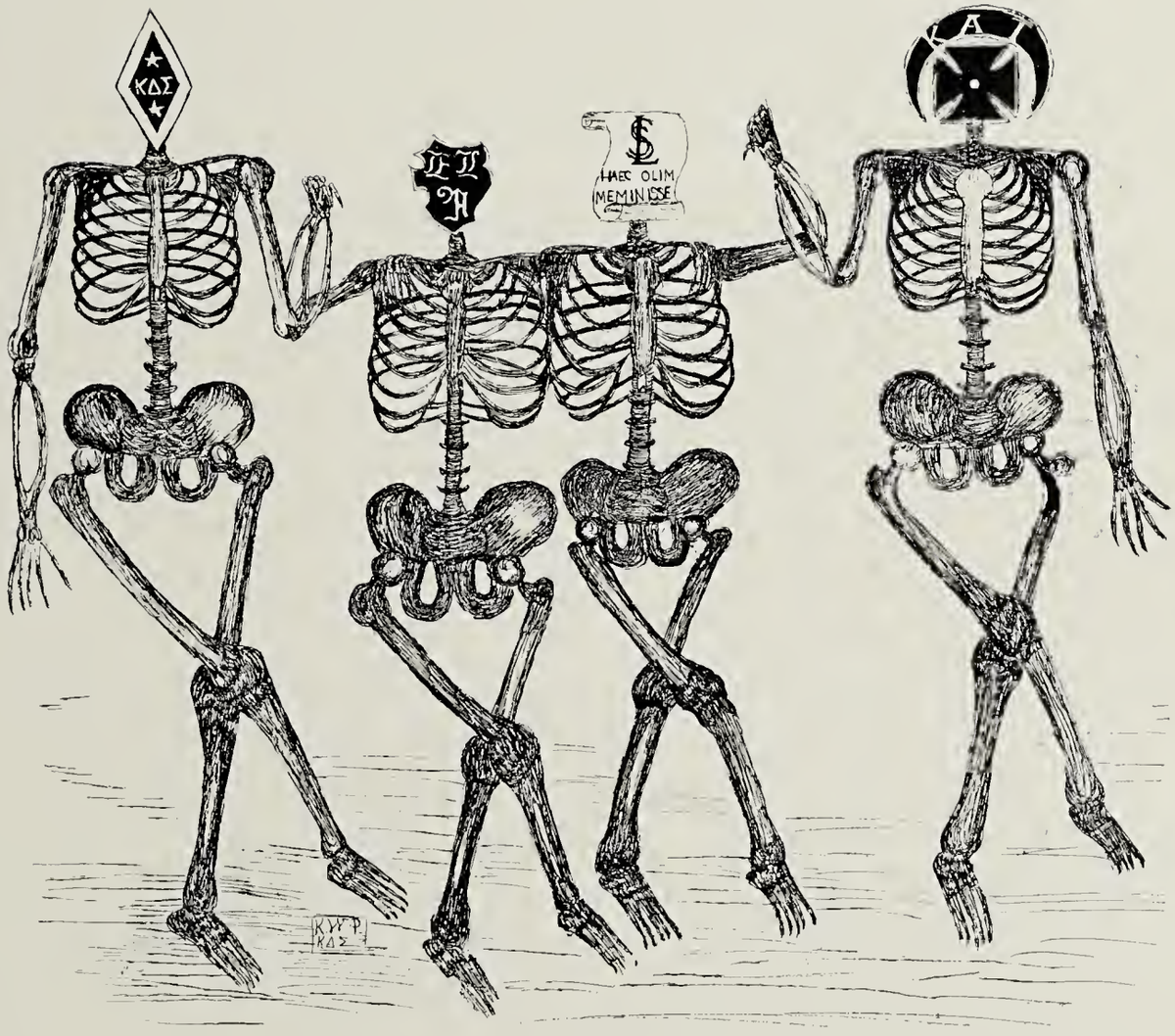
When things again began to take shape I was in a crowded opera house in Vienna. The audience was on the "qui vive," as the program announced that an American prima donna would make her début. Slowly the curtain rolled up, and the *singer* came forward amidst a generous applause. Her face looked strangely like an old schoolmate's. "Can it be Elise?" I wondered. There was a deep hush, then a voice, pure and sweet, rang through the lofty building, going straight to every heart. When the last note died away the spellbound audience sprang to their feet, gloves were split, bravas rent the air, flowers came thick and fast, great ladies tearing the roses from their hair to toss to the singer. Encore followed encore till, at last, the curtain fell on a perfect tumult of applause, and the irresistible power hurried me on.

This time I stopped in a huge library, with tiers upon tiers of books, reaching to the ceiling. I glanced at some of the titles, Spinoza's *Improvement of the Understanding*, and *Nature and Origin of the Mind*, Schopenhauer's *Wisdom of Life*, *Doctrine of the Ideal and Real*, *Observations on the Kantian Philosophy*, and *The Method*, *Meditations*, *and Philosophy of Descartes*, and turned away with a groan. In the middle of the apartment an ink-bespattered person was busily writing at a massive table. Stacks of manuscript lay on the table, while quantities were piled about on the floor. In one corner a secretary was industriously copying autographs for future generations. Finally, the figure blotted the last page, wiped the pen, laid it carefully down, and rose to her feet. "At last, it is done," she cried in an awe-inspiring whisper. *The Phrenological Phenomena of Psychological Delusions* is completed. Already I hear countless millions applauding the *cleverest* treatise of the century. Let me now read the whole work over aloud."

At this fearful announcement the secretary fled, the books with the unanimous cry, "Spare us," fell to the floor, burying the authoress beneath tons of weighty knowledge, and I awoke to find the candle burned out, and my Virgil lying half open on the floor.

And as for the fates disclosed, if, gentle reader, you scoff at this second prophecy of the spirit of Cassandra, remember that Troy fell.

Carrie K. Conway.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Jennie Minge — Virginia Lee

Nellie Gordon

Louise Jones — Helen Talbott

Carter Warren

Margaret Moore — Mildred Woodward

Margaretta Wise

Augusta Burwell — Anna Alvey

KAPPA ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY

Kappa Delta Sigma.

Lydia Lee
Anne Freeman
Elsie Danenhower
Lydia Fuller
Hallie Read
Carrie Conway
Kate Pretlow
Susan Adams
Katharine Wheelock
Lelia Blair

At Twilight.

In the misty, mellow twilight
Of a Summer afternoon,
Ere we start the genial lamp's rays,
Though the night be coming soon;

When the sun in lingering splendor,
Now sinks far behind the trees,
And across the lake there stirreth
Merest whispers of a breeze;

When the moon, a silver crescent,
Shineth dimly through a cloud;
And the merry stars come peeping
From their mist-encircling shroud,

I lie back among the cushions
Of my softly gliding boat,
Leave the oars still in the oar-locks,
And alone, I idly float,

With a dark blue sea beneath me,
And above a sky of blue,
While a host of pleasant memories
Form an all-sufficient crew.

One by one there pass the comrades
That I played with long before,
And I see again the faces
That perhaps I'll meet no more.

And I hear the merry laughter
Of a voice forever still,
Or I touch again loved fingers—
E'en in dreams they bring a thrill;

While across the fields of dreamland
Comes the rhythm and the flow
Of the dear old song, "Forgotten,"
That we sung so long ago;

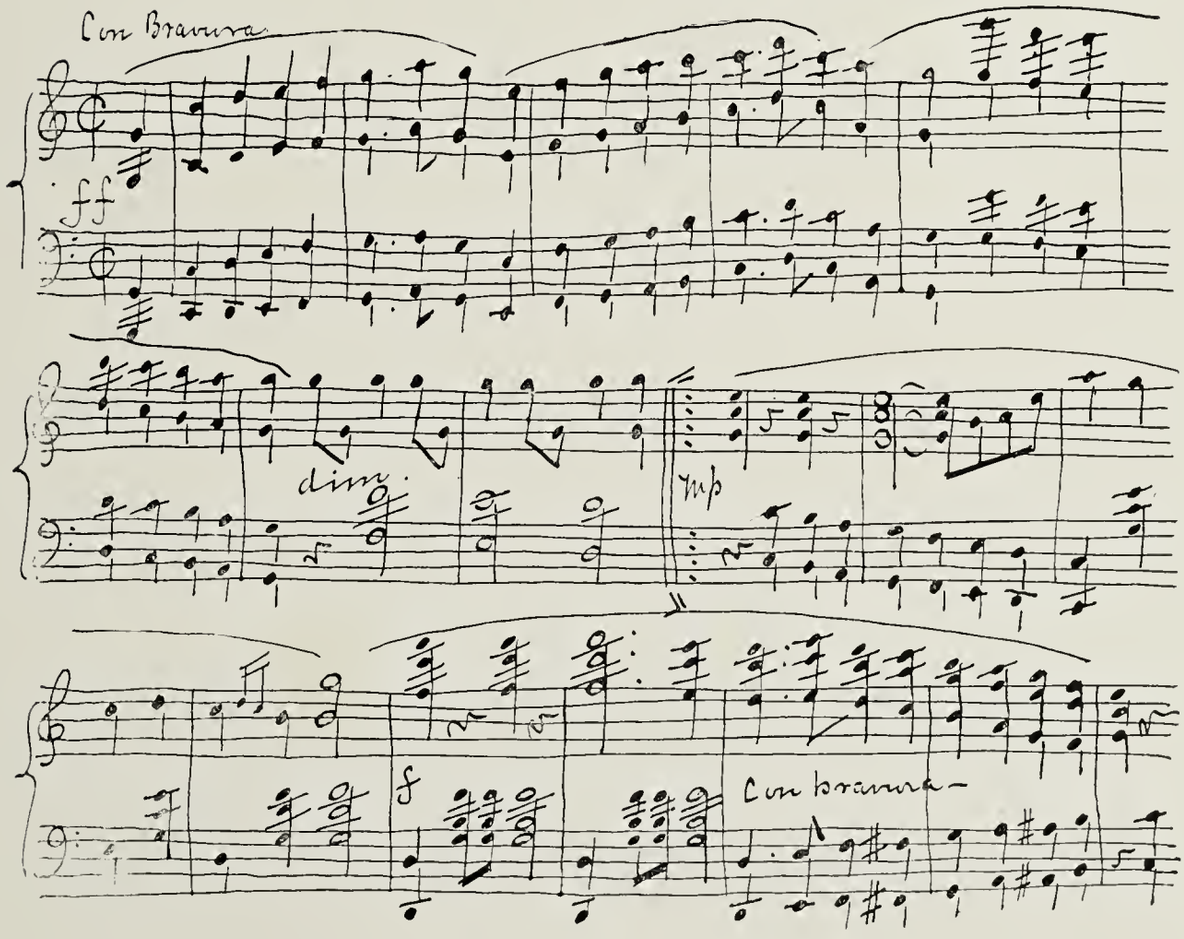
And the slowly moving waters
Ripple back the soft refrain
To the forests, where the echoes
Sadly murmur it again.

Carrie Riger Conway.

KAPPA DELTA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

To Chapter Alpha.
K. Δ. Σ. Sorosis;
Virginia Female Institute
Staunton, Va.

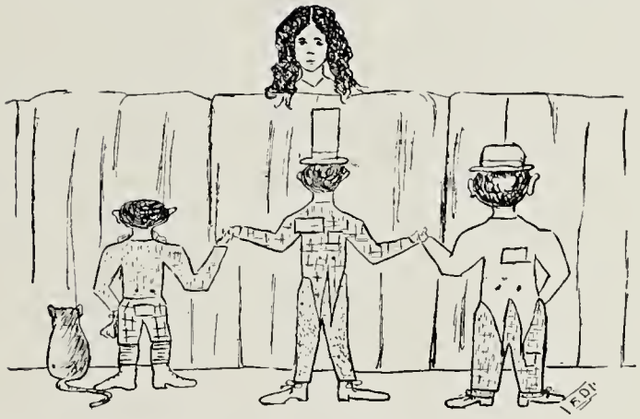
Kappa Delta Sigma March.

F. R. Webb. op. 99.

V. F. I. Alphabet.

A is for Adam(s), this time the first girl.

B is for Brooke, with her corkscrew curl.

C is for Clagett, with appetite great.



D is for Dickins, who wishes a mate.

E is for Every one not mentioned here.

F is for Fuller, whose laughter is queer.

G is for Gordon, who has many cases.

H for the Hawkins, who are the "twin graces."

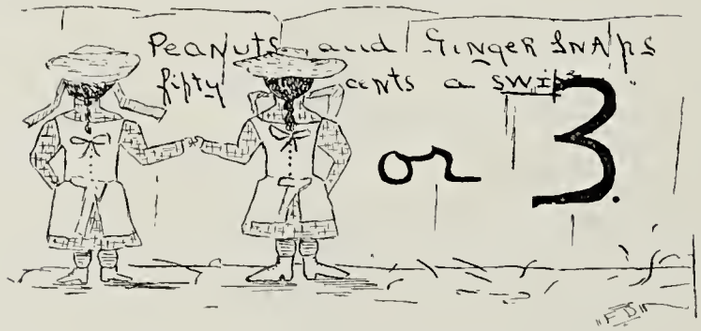
I for our Institute, loved by us all.

J is for Jones, as broad as she 's tall.

K is for Kirby, who loves all things "Bright."

L is for Lutz, an infantile mite.

M is for Mayer, so devoted to Lee.



N is for Nan, we have two or three.

O is for Owens—the sisters devoted.

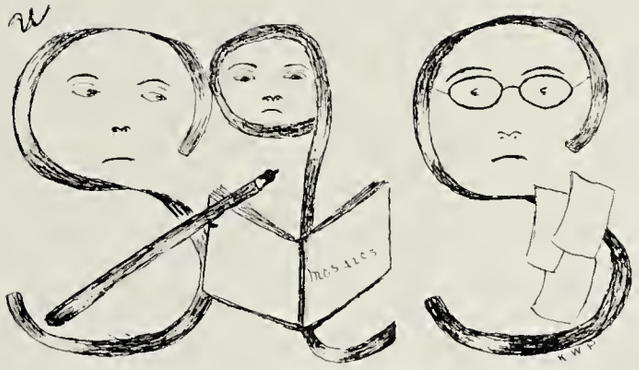
P is for Page, so naughty she 's noted.

Q is for Quail, we have only the *toast*.

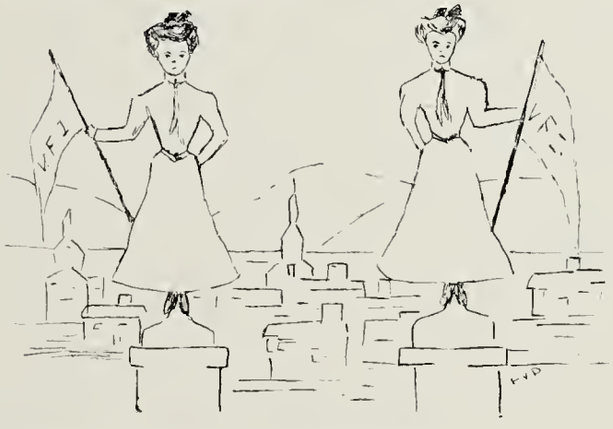
R is for Riggs, who gets there almost.

S is for Sharp, who dances so well.

T is for Tom, our post-graduate swell.



U is for us, who toil without rest.



V for the Voights, two of our *best*.

W is for Wilcox, the musical "Mame."

X is for Xmas, Hurrah for the same !

Y is for Yen, our darling Chinee.

And now with a war-whoop, we finish with Z.

By the S. L. S.

Mr. Jett.

IN years to come when we look back at the dear old V. F. I., we will not forget our beloved minister, Mr. Jett. His earnestness, disinterestedness, and hard labor, even when not in condition for work, appeal to us all. He comes to see every girl in school once, at least, during the year and then he makes himself so charming and agreeable we could hardly help enjoying his call. When the bishop is coming for confirmation how our minister extends his sympathetic heart to us and with what loving interest he comes to the candidates and shows them the right way. Yet he calls all his trouble a pleasure and says he loves us as his children and feels with us in our lightest joy as well as our deepest pain. Truly it is not often one finds a man like this. There are many for the mission field, many for society, and many for the poor and needy; but few will give their time and show the love and devotion for simple schoolgirls as does Mr. Jett.

M. W. W.

Mosaics.

Girls

There are all sorts of girls at the V. F. I. Some are tall, some small; some big, some little; some fat, some lean; some rich, some poor; some nice, some horrid; some smart, some silly; some well, some sick; some light-haired, some dark-haired; some black-haired, some yellow-haired; some light-eyed, some dark-eyed; some strong-eyed, some weak-eyed; some blue-eyed, some black-eyed; some strong, some weak; some attractive, some unattractive; some studious, some not studious; some good, some bad; some pretty, some ugly; some sweet, some sour; and, if there is any other kind of girl in the world, I am sure she is at the Institute. For such a mixture of shapes, sizes, manners, characters, and looks as is at the school this year, I never saw before in all my life.

M. A. W.

Venus de Milo

Venus de Milo! The very name makes one think of the great halls and galleries of the Louvre, filled with the glorious works of the world's greatest. But one's thoughts are brought down to realities when one enters the studio at the Virginia Female Institute and sees easels, tables, plaster casts, and studies in various stages of completion, and then, at last, Venus. Though her surroundings are crude, and for a background she has a piece of white paper pinned to the wall, yet her own beauty surmounts all, and without any effort she reigns supreme. And she serves the not inglorious purpose of inspiring in the hearts of the students a higher ambition—an ambition to surmount all difficulties and to put on canvas living beauty.

M. M. W.

Tom's Criticism of Venus

Venus, the pride of the studio, had been viewed and discussed by nearly all the members of the school except Tom. One morning, just as the girls had settled down to their work, and the studio was comparatively quiet, the door opened and Tom shuffled in. He went over to the corner occupied by the white goddess, and circled around it with one hand thrust into his woolly hair. He, black and grimy with coal dust, was a striking contrast to the pure white figure. Three or four times he moved around her, looking at her gravely from all points of view. Finally, he said in a tone of approval, "She's got a pretty good figure for sich a small pusson!" He then walked out, while the girls laughed, and even Venus herself seemed to smile in a superior way at his criticism.

N. G. G.

Paradise Lost

I am not speaking like Milton of a heavenly Paradise lost to evil spirits, but of an earthly Paradise lost to schoolgirls; for this it indeed is! At the Virginia Female Institute there is a portion of the grounds sacred to, and only to be trodden by the feet of the teachers. From this the girls are barred like evil spirits. This place is looked upon as one of beauty and of rest. The nearest we can get to this heaven is by gazing upon it with longing eyes from our windows, or by passing through it with one of those honored beings—a teacher. In one corner there is a fountain with a large bird standing upon a pedestal. From the mouth of this bird there flows forth, not "milk and honey" as from the fountain described by Milton, but the clear "wine of the gods." Although there is also a fountain in our grounds, this one over in "Paradise" seems to be doubly beautiful. Even the trees are greener, and the flowers bloom more brilliantly. Standing beside one of the flower-beds is a statue of Cupid. It would seem dangerous to permit him to stay so near us, but his arms and wings are broken. There he stays in all weathers. I often wonder if he thinks us cruel to treat him so, when he has no means of defense. Altogether, "Paradise" is a beautiful and longed-for spot, and worthy to be the home of Cupid. For what is Paradise without love?

A. S. B.

Our Fruit Vender

Perhaps the most interesting person connected with the Virginia Female Institute, and yet the one least well known, is the Italian fruit vender, Matacia. His household consists of an old father, who can speak no word of English, a wife with deep, soulful eyes, and a troup of fat-faced little urchins who are always jabbering away in their strange medley of Italian and English.

These same small urchins weigh on Matacia's soul. He himself is the very essence of neatness, and so it really hurts him to see the little scamps rolling about in their play-corner, or balancing themselves on their fat little stomachs as they reach for a fig which has strayed just into reach. One day a particularly fat, particularly dirty little face appeared close by his side, when Matacia, who couldn't stand it any longer, pointed an accusing finger at the offender and said sternly, "Go and wash your face fife (five) times."

The wife is, perhaps, the most truly Italian of this Italian group. Those eyes of hers are always glowing with a sad longing for the warm shores and blue skies of her sunny Italy. She has never learnt American ways, and American money is almost a terror to her. Being told once that she had given wrong change, she said humbly, "Ah, mees, excuse me this time. I have such an ache in my head." Poor little Italian woman, our winter snows seem very cruel to her Southern nature. "Ah, mees," she exclaimed one icy day, "but this is terrible weather. I couldn't go to market. I jist went around the corner and before I could get back I had a fall down."

Soon the spring will be here, and then the stove will disappear from the shop; the children will go from the chimney corner to the gutter; Matacia, that lover of cleanliness, will have the warm sun flooding his spotless shop, and back behind, on the little porch, his wife will rock in the warm sunshine, and gazing into the blue depths of our Virginia skies will softly croon some Italian ditty, while the longing in her eyes will change to an infinite sweetness, as she imagines herself back in the old home beside the great blue sea.

L. A. S.

Tom's Apples

Unlike that fruit of the Garden of Eden, Tom's apples have proved the salvation of many a V. F. I. daughter of Eve. Perhaps an hour after dinner, when about six of us are gathered in one room, some malevolent

spirit announces that she is starving. There is a unanimous "So am I," and, as usual, this discovery is followed by the sad fact that there is nothing to eat.

"I know where there are some crystallized cherries," volunteers one would-be wit.

"Where?" in an eager and unsuspecting voice.

"At Barkman's."

Needless to say the girl is ejected from the room, and we sit in mournful silence till some one exclaims, "Let's find Tom." So we rush to the elevator landing, and hang over the railing, while six voices in more or less melodious tones call for Tom. After we have yelled ourselves hoarse, Edward pokes his head out of the steam-house and says, "Tom's down town."

"When 'll he be back?"

"Dunno," is the uncompromising answer. At times Edward's temper is none of the best.

This is final; so, after having left the most famished girl as sentinel, we wend our way back to the room, and try to possess our souls in patience. Half an hour drags by, and one of the girls bitterly observes that she has read that in times of necessity men have eaten shoe-leather. She is politely suppressed, and just at that minute enters the sentinel, dragging in her wake Tom and the longed-for basket of apples. There is an excited scramble, and five seconds later each girl has an apple in her hand, and Tom is calling "Appuls?" at the next door. C. K. C.

The Visit of a Man to the V. F. I.

Great was our surprise and delight to see coming into the dining-room, especially as it was Sunday, that rare personage, a tall, handsome young man, with dark hair and broad shoulders. As he walked slowly in without the slightest embarrassment, every head was turned in his direction, and, as if by magic, more than fifty pairs of eyes gazed at him in astonishment. For a man at the V. F. I., unless Mr. Jett, Mr. Webb, or Mr Minor drops in, is such an unusual and important event as to produce great excitement and cause much fun for the girls. As he took his seat there was silence, but it lasted only for a moment. The girls then all began talking at once, and, if at first he was

a little ill at ease, he did not feel so twenty minutes later. When the honored guest came up the stairs, he was met by a regiment of girls, three layers deep, each one standing as a "stone wall," and vowing she should be introduced to him. One girl said, as she was presented, "I am glad to meet you, Miss W———." But usually no such embarrassment was shown.

S. R. S.

The Music Hall

Walking on the terrace one afternoon, I was both surprised and annoyed by the discordant sounds that issued from the Music Hall and grated harshly on my ears. No doubt the sound-waves from each window produced a tune of their own, but, when ten or twelve melodies were executed at the same moment, the result was startling. The din was worse than an ill-conducted orchestra out of time. Amidst the intricate hubbub could be distinguished the soft, tender strains of the "Reverie," or the rippling music of the "Brook," noisily accompanied by scales and exercises in every key. Once in a while, a lively rag-time could be heard, until drowned by the sonorous "a–e–i–o–u's" of some enthusiastic vocal student. Gradually the confusion subsided, and, finally, only one piano was left playing. In the beautiful music floating toward me, I recognized the "Recollections of Home" with a refrain from that familiar song, "Home, Sweet Home." No wonder the other pianos paused, as the hearts of the players unconsciously drifted to that dearest spot on earth.

J. C. Y.

Lenten Signs

Any day during Lent, if you happen to be walking down one of the halls of the V. F. I., you will see numerous signs tacked up everywhere; one telling how some great French hairdresser will fix hair for twenty-five cents; or others telling how a competent young lady will sew on buttons; and how an elderly matron will make collarettes for ten cents; and, yet again, that a certain young damsel will sell candy and stuffed eggs made to order; or that one will, if sufficiently urged, make up beds for five or ten cents. All this is done for our Easter offering, and though our work is not of the highest order, I am sure our purpose is.

M. H. C.

Saturday morning, armed with a ten-cent piece, and a large amount of patience, I descend into the lower regions of the V. F. I., and call for Ina, our little maid of all work. After ten minutes, during which time Lizzie, Mattie, Maggie, Tom, Daisy, and all the other inmates of the kitchen have been sent in search of her, Ina herself rises from a dim corner and comes forward with the "Story of Sarah Crewe" clasped tightly in one hand. After an expenditure of much eloquence, I convince her that the dime and my undying good-will are hers, if she will bring me some hot water directly after dinner. She promises, and I go into study hall with a mind at peace with all the world. Alas, for human credulity! After dinner I decline an invitation to a feast, and rush up-stairs, to find no water. With superhuman patience I read a book for fifteen minutes, and then I descend in wrath. "Where is my water?" I demand of Ina.

Washing Fair

"'T ain't hot yet," replies that meek-looking individual, with one eye on "Sarah Crewe."

This is repeated at intervals for the next two hours, until exhausted patience gives way, and I fairly shout, "When will it be hot?"

"Oh, in a little while," says Ina, imperturbably. "You see, Miss Carrie, there ain't no fire in the stove yet, and so ———"

But as "Aunt Minervy Ann" says, "this is the last splinter that makes the load too heavy," and with a groan, I rush to my room, there to ensconce myself behind a "No Ad," and read treatises on self-control until supper-time, when I go slowly down-stairs, a sadder but an infinitely wiser girl.

C. K. C.

The door-bell rings and Ina, our little maid of all work, lays aside her treasures which consist of a soiled doll dress and a worn elocution book, and opens the door. To her surprise and disgust half a dozen Baldwin girls rush in, each giving her a card and charging her to find "Miss Danenhower," or "Miss Lanier," which last name she confounds with "Miss Lydia." While Ina in her checked gingham dress and white, stiffly starched apron, is slowly wandering from hall to hall, looking for and finding every girl except the one wanted, the impatient girls in the drawing-room are becoming very

When Visitors Call

tired of admiring the room and counting the figures upon the wall. At last the long-looked-for girl is found and Ina is charged to say, " I'll be down in a moment." The girl then begins to dress. She brushes her hair and puts it up at least a dozen times before it suits her fancy, and finally rushes down to the parlor and spends the next five minutes making apologies for her tardiness. Before the other girls who have been asked for can make their appearance the door-bell again rings and the disappointed Baldwin girls know that a teacher has come to take them away. Ina, relieved of her duty, curls up in her corner with a sigh of relief, and reads the comic supplement of the New York Journal for the rest of the day.

S. R. S.

The Red Hills of Piedmont.

When griefs befall, and sorrows throng
About the heart of care;
When Hope forgets to sing her song,
And Love becomes a prayer;—
Down the long vista of the years,
Beyond life's woes and ills,
They shine through smiles that dim my tears,—
The crimson Piedmont Hills.

On them no mark of dull decay
Hath laid its shadowing blight.
In the fair dawn of Youth's gay day
They gleam with fadeless light.
For Life was young and Love was new
Upon that crimson loam—
Land of the faithful and the true!
The happy hills of home.

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON.

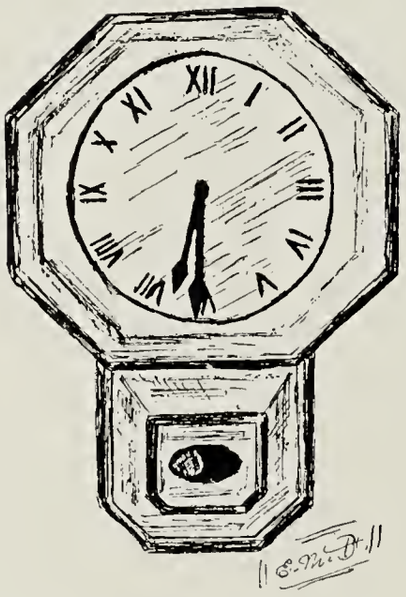
Aurora's Greeting.

Lo, from the East Aurora comes tipping,
Dragging her radiant garments long;
Tripping, dripping
The liquid sunbeams everywhere.
With dainty finger-tips and fair
She gathers up her golden hair
Bound with the Morning Glory.
She holds a lap brimful of sunbeams,
Liquid sunbeams,
While one by one they melt as dreams—
Sunbeams as dreams—
And flood the earth with glorious light,
While swiftly drives the dusky night
Away, far down and out of sight.
With laughing eye she wakes the buds
Low-drooped with heavy dew,
And laughs to scorn the weighty lids
Of poppies—crimson hue—
Drowsy, sleep-laden poppies of crimson hue.
She rings the little heather-bell
Of purple true, near kin to blue,
And whispers soft with some, to tell
His brother bell near-by to swell
The music of the chime.
Sweet heather-bells! Blue bells,
Sweet bells—faint, rustling bells.

The little blades peep up to hear
  What mean those bells, sweet bells.
Warm kissed by sunshine soft, they ring,
They sing. 'T is sunshine makes them sing.
She knocks at every door, close shut with bar,
Nor waits the opening, but sends out afar
One little ray of piercing light, through blinds ajar,
  Kissing, but lightly, lids close shut of children sleeping,
    Softly sleeping, dreaming, sleeping.
They answer back by dimpled smiling,
And dream again of angels kissing
  Their finger-tips and rosy lips.
When all the work is done,
  The toiling and adorning,
And every flower caressed and kissed
  Good morning,
The song-birds sing their sunshine greeting,
  Their silvery homage to the dawn—
Now fleeting, fast fleeting—
To the purple dawn their greeting.
Aurora's mission 's done,
  And mischief 'hind the tired lids
Is tired too—is weary run—
And on her radiant, billowy couch she falls
And sleeps and dreams of mischief more,
While gathering roses for the next fair day,
Bright day, filled with pink dreams,
With roseate sunbeams—
She sleeps 'mid dreams and sunbeams.

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL.

How Time Flies.



6.30 A. M.

The hardest struggle of the whole day comes in the morning when I have to get up. It seems as if I have hardly launched myself into dreamland, when I hear the dismal tolling of the rising-bell. I thrust my thermometrical nose from beneath the cover to test the temperature. "Awfully cold," says that sensitive organ, and I cover up again to wait until the room gets warmer. But I enjoy that most delightful of all delightful things, the half-conscious early morning nap but a short time, when doleful sounds from every direction inform me that this energetic old building is arousing from its slumber, and, aided by the timely assistance of my roommate, I, at last, roll out, and seat myself on the side of the bed for a drowsy soliloquy on the "Troubles of Dressing." But soon my interest begins to lag, and my head begins to nod, and all of a sudden I find myself tumbling on the floor. I grab for my stockings, and begin to dress. When about half-way through, the breakfast-bell rings, and then things fly around the room like telegraph-posts past a car window. At last I finish, and like a guilty creature I rush through the deserted halls and towards the dining-room, mentally vowing never to sleep so late again.

S. F. H.

11.15 A. M.

At the first tap of the bell every one is eager to escape from class. A bee-line is taken down-stairs where Miss Hattie has placed on the table a waiter, containing apples, cakes, or something on the order of lunch. After what seems an age, wedging yourself nearer and nearer, you dive your hand down among a sea of others and just when you think you have been victorious, the longed-for cake is snatched out of your grasp and you are pushed again to the outskirts of the crowd. Then comes the tug of war in getting up-stairs again. There are girls as thick as hops, some trying to get up-stairs, others trying to get down. At last, out of breath you reach the top step and proceed on your way, trying to satisfy your ravenous appetite with just enough to make you want some more. M. C. M.

1.15 P. M.

Quarter past one! Only thirty minutes more and school will be out. Oh, will this half never go? I think I shall try to get my algebra. No, my poor brain is too tired to work problems! I'll study my history. I read two lines over six times and haven't an idea what it's all about, so I give up studying as a bad job. There is a magazine on another girl's desk. That is just it—I shall read a story. It is very interesting, and I have just gotten to where the hero proposes to the heroine, when I hear some one cough violently, look up, and have the magazine taken from me. Will that bell never ring? First, I count the desks, then I think, "Suppose there will be so many girls next year that two will have to sit in the same seat; it will be so uncomfortable." There is the bell! Why, where is Miss F.? Oh, there she is. She is stopping to speak to some girl. I wonder if she knows that I have dinner at two o'clock? She has called my name—don't see why I can't go. But no, I must wait until she finishes. She has stopped again. Will she never get through that long list! At last, she has come to the end. I glance at the clock—six minutes to get home. I walk as fast as I can, reach home, find they had dinner a little earlier, and mine is all cold! M. H. A.

9:15 P. M.

When the nine-fifteen bell rings there is a great rush. Every one feels like making all the fuss she can, because she has been shut up in study hall for two hours. Every girl wants to tell every other girl in the house good-night, and there is only fifteen minutes to do it in. They are rushing from one room to another when the nine-twenty-five bell rings; the hubbub grows more intense. In five more minutes you hear the bell lifted from the office table; the noise is still greater. Another second, and the bell rings long and loud. Everything is silent; every girl is in her room, or fifteen lines of poetry stares her in the face.

D. B. D.

10.15 Easter Sunday.

At 10.15 on Easter morning the front doors of the stately old Institute were thrown open wide and a column of girls came forth, and, carefully holding up their trains, descended the steps, crossed the street, and reverently entered the church, all the while conscious of the looks of admiration cast upon them by Staunton's most renowned suitors. They were arrayed all in celestial white, and the sun shining on their gowns made them dazzling to such a degree that mortal eye could not look at them without squinting. The hats of these radiant maidens were large and very stiff, and as they were not ravishingly becoming to all, they were bent in sundry positions, and consequently each individual had her headgear arranged at an angle totally different from all the rest. As I said, these hats were made of stiff and unpliable straw and were wont to return to their former position with a sound like the popping of a cork, so occasionally there were some distressed looks on the faces of girls who knew that their hats were about to pop. Nothing else of importance occurred until the service was over, and they were about to depart as elegantly as they came in. Then they learned that it was raining. Alas, for Easter toilettes! They gazed with horror on the wide expanse of street, pavement, and steps that separated them from shelter. Then with

one accord they lifted their skirts (not in pride and self-satisfaction this time) and dashed forward amid the smiles of pity—or was it derision?—of the suitors.

A. W.

2.30 P. M. Sunday.

Sunday afternoon is the pleasantest part of the week at the V. F. I. After a delicious dinner, we go out on the terrace and walk and talk until the first bell for "Meditation" rings. Then we go up-stairs on our different halls and stand at our doors and tell all who pass good-bye for a while, and wait until the first tingle of the second bell, at which we jump into our rooms and shut the doors. There is usually quite a commotion at this time, but, by the time this bell has stopped ringing, every one of us is in her room and the house could hardly be recognized as the same. Such a change has taken place in the last few minutes; all the noise is hushed into a perfect calm which continues for two hours and a half, broken now and then, maybe, by a girl who forgets herself and laughs too loud. What a blessing "Meditation" is to us in this large school. For a few hours we may sit and talk peaceably with our roommates, think if we choose, and write home intelligible letters which we could never do otherwise. As soon as the next bell begins to ring the girls leave their rooms, and, beginning to grow restless by now, we are glad to see each other again and to play together; for such we do almost until the supper bell rings. You outsiders may not be able to believe that the dignified young ladies you see on walk have any playful ideas, but one can not always judge by outward appearances.

M. W. W.

In the Twilight.

Do you see that one little cloud up there
As it glows and floats from out of the west?
Do you think it is going so high in the air
To sleep on the Mother-Sky's breast?
Is it glowing with joy, such as we down here
Have never so much as guess'd?

Do you see that first little shining star?
It has shone so long at night up there!
Do you think it sees where the angels are,
And hears their evening prayer?
Is it then the glory that falls on its face
From Heaven that shines so fair?

Maria Lee Goodwin.

WINTER.

HAWKS
Ε.Μ.Σ. ΚΔΣ

"Hawks."

Bessie Kirby — Carrie Hoy — Augusta Willey

Cecilia Bratton — Frances Mapp — Anna McKinney

Sallie Williams — Katharine Wheelock — Susan Adams

Jean Wilcox — Ethel Sinnott — Kate Pretlow (Sub)

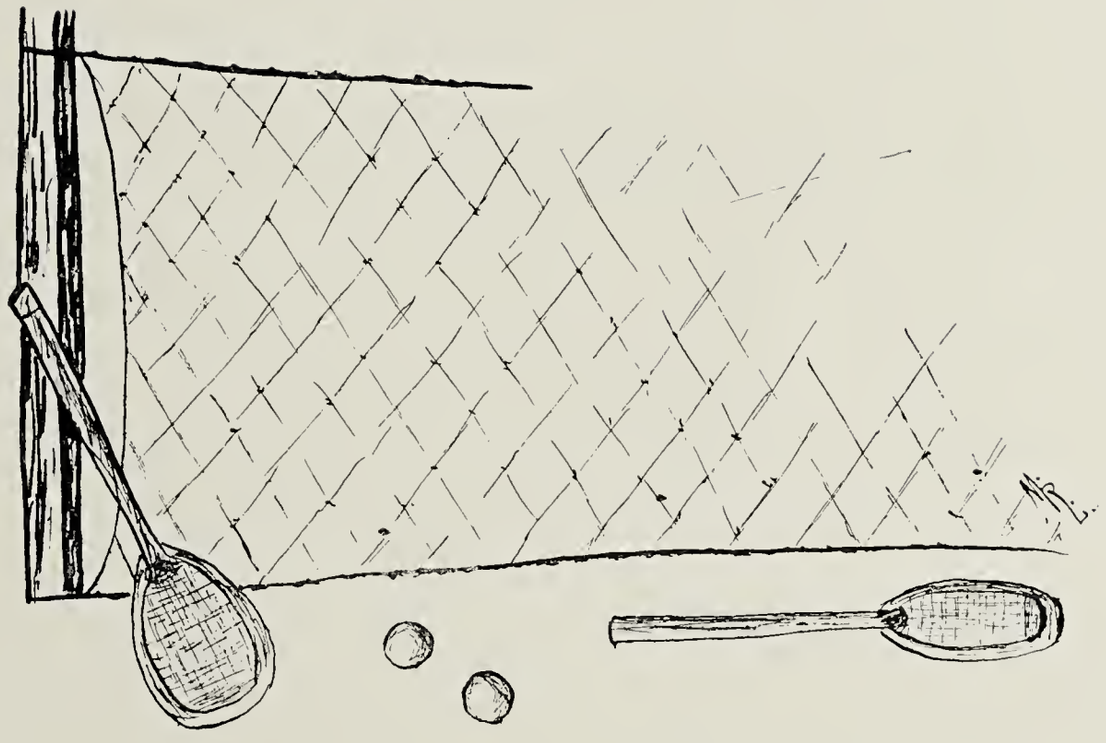
Hallie Read (Sub) — Cora Lutz (Sub) — Lydia Lee (Umpire)

THE HAWKS BASKETBALL TEAM.

No. 1 Team.

Annie C. Berkeley	Virginia Lee
Carrie Conway	Lelia Blair
Frances Mayer	Nellie Gordon
Frances Page	Belle Howard
Augusta Burwell	Louise Jones
Elise Wilson	Lydia Lee (Umpire)

BASKETBALL TEAM, No. 1.



Tennis Club.

Nellie Minor
Carrie Hoy
Sallie Williams
Belle Howard
Cora Lutz
Nellie Gordon
Annie C. Berkeley
Lelia Blair
Margaret Moore
Susan Adams
Frances Page
Augusta Burwell

German Club.

Lydia Lee . . . . . President

Frances Mayer Frances Danenhower

Frances Mapp Carrie Conway Lelia Blair

Augusta Willey Anne Freeman

Katharine Wheelock Louise Jones Margaretta Wise

Helen Talbott Virginia Lee

Jennie Minge Annie C. Berkeley Cora Lutz

Elsie Danenhower Kate Pretlow

Hallie Read Anna Alvey Susan Adams

Isabel Howard Jean Wilcox

Mary Wilcox Caroline Hoy Anna McKinney

Sallie Williams Nellie Gordon

Frances Page Jennie Mapp Elise Wilson Bessie Kirby

Bessie Kirby

Carrie Conway

Margaretta Wise

Louise Jones

Anne Freeman

Lillian Lanier

Katharine Wheelock

Gabrielle Lavielle

Annie C. Berkeley

Lelia Blair

Kate Pretlow

Lydia Lee

Susan Adams

Fables by the Fair.

The Woman Who Was Behind the Times.

There was Once a Modern Society Belle who believed that where there 's a Will there 's a Way, and in the same Remote Town dwelt a Timid Dove, who in early youth had been instructed concerning the Tale of the Hare and the Tortoise. At last, having arrived at years of Discretion, the Latter Cast about How to put the Theory into Practice. At that Moment there Arrived upon the Scene the Desirable Man with the Desirable Millions, and at once the Modern Society Belle pursued the Desirable Man as if he were her lawful Prey.

But the Timid Dove was Wiser, and While Combing out her Golden Hair, she communed with Herself in the Mirror, thus: "It is a Known Fact that a Man wants what it is Hard to get. Therefore, I will not throw Myself at his Head, as that Other Woman is doing, but will be Modest and Retiring and will Retreat when he Advances."

Alas, for the Timid Dove, the Desirable Man forgot to advance, but in One Week from the Aforesaid Speech, He had Promised to Love, Honor, and Obey the Modern Society Belle.

Which teaches us that though the Race is not always to the Swift, it generally is.

C. K. Conway.

The Maiden Who Found the Futility of Proverbs.

The trouble all began by my standing upon a chair to find something in the wardrobe. Standing upon a chair is a perfectly harmless thing. But while in that position I chanced to look at Her, then the Evil One suggested an idea to me. I sang out, "Now, *I* can look down upon *you*." The fact

was so evident that she said nothing. The Evil One then suggested an idea to Her. She mounted upon the bureau. As I could no longer look down upon Her I left the chair for the foot of the bed, and, after falling off several times, managed, by clinging desperately to the aforesaid chair, to keep my balance. We were both now equal, so contented ourselves with shrieking at each other.

This caused a teacher to appear. We heard a knock at the door, and for a moment thought of holding our ground, but decided that if it was a teacher, it would be safer and decidedly more dignified to have a firm foundation. She jumped down from the bureau and I from the bed. I, being young, believed in proverbs, especially "He who Fights and Runs Away, will Live to Fight Another Day." Consequently I retreated behind the wardrobe. Therefore, she was the only thing visible when the teacher came in. But the teacher was one of those beings blessed with more than Mortal Sight. So she was quite able to see through a wardrobe.

She commanded in a stern voice, "Come forth." Which being the only thing left for me to do, I did.

Which shows that Discretion is not always the better part of valor.

L. S. Blair.

The Maiden Who Lost Her Opportunity.

Once a Fair Maiden lost her Way in a Wood, and her Attempts to find the Path Out only Led her Further into the Forest. At Last, when She was in Despair, She saw a Handsome Youth Approaching. "Ah!" thought She, "He must be a Prince Who, when He sees Me, will Instantly Love Me, and Take Me to his Kingdom, where We will live Happy Ever after. Now I will Sit here, and not Speak. Then He will Think I am Like the Princess in the Story Book and Love Me all the More."

So the Maiden Sat Down, and the Youth Approached Nearer. But, Alas for the Maiden's Hopes, He Passed By and did not See Her, For He

was Only a Modern College Man, Engaged in Deep Thought over a Coming Football Game.

Which teaches us that it is Sometimes Better to Hello while You are In the Woods.

L. Eakle.

The Boy Who Had a Rainbow Theory.

There was once an Enterprising Boy. One day he was reading Grimm's Fairy Tales and found there the Great Secret of Wealth, namely, that at the End of the Rainbow he would find the Pot of Gold. He instantly became very desirous of gaining the Pot of Gold and thus becoming a Mr. Carnegie or a Mr. Vanderbilt. The very Next Day there was the Thunder-Storm and the Rainbow. The Enterprising Boy at once packed his Dress Suit case and started off. He walked One Hundred miles and followed Seventy Different Rainbows, and, at last, he saw the End of the Seventy-First on a Precipice just in front of him. So he climbed the Mountain and reached over the Edge, but he lost his Balance and fell down Twenty Thousand Feet, and his Dress Suit case with him; and to This Day that is all that is known of the Enterprising Boy.

This teaches that Where there is a Will there is Not always a Way.

A. H. Patrick.

The Poet Who Would Not Tell a Lie.

There was Once an Individual, Who Believed that the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth is Necessary at All Times. He was a Poet, which partly accounts for this Strange View, and He Further Believed that he had been Expressly Created to Astonish the World. The World, on the Contrary, seemed Unaware of his Existence.

Finally, when his Masterpiece, "The Simple Story of a Sinless Soul," had for the Fiftieth Time been Rejected by the Editor, the Poet, seized with a Fit of Melancholy Madness, cried, "The Time has come! I am determined to kill either Myself or the Editor." As he stood on the Curb-Stone, Trying to Decide which Plan would be Best, a Runaway Team came Down the Street.

The Poet had often Sung of Heroic Deeds in Heroic Couplets, and with a Bravery Equal to the Occasion, He seized the Opportunity by Seizing the Bits of the Horses, thereby checking them in their Mad Career. From the Vehicle was Extricated a shrieking Elderly Maiden, Who Instantly Fainted, but Revived Sufficiently to Invite Her Deliverer to Call that Evening that she might Express her Gratitude in Fitting Terms.

Having Learned from a Disinterested Friend that the Elderly Maiden was as Rich in Capital as She was in Years, the Poet pawned his Fountain Pen, purchased some "American Beauties" with the Proceeds, and Wended his Way to the Domicile of the Elderly Maiden. There He was Received with such Graciousness that after a few Preliminary Remarks on the Weather, he laid Himself and all his Possessions at her feet.

She, with a Shy Blush, Coyly Asked: "Before I answer your Passionate Declaration, Tell me One Thing: Do you Find in me the Supreme Beauty of Woman?"

"Alas," Replied the Poet, "I can not Tell a Lie. You have a Good Heart, but you are Far from a Beauty!"

Then with a Terrible Cry, the Elderly Maiden flung the Flowers in his Face, and Bade the Footman Show Him the Door.

Which Teaches us that "Honesty is not Always the Best Policy."

C. K. Conway.

The Maiden Who Was Too Hasty.

Once upon a time there lived a Maiden whose Youthful Suitor, with Many Promises of His Return, had left Her to Seek His Fortune. She waited and waited for Many Long Years, but He did not Come Back, and, finally, She began to lose Hope. Visions of Tombstone Inscriptions with the Much

Dreaded "Miss" Attached to Her Name began to Haunt Her Dreams, and She began to Look Around for Some Chance to Change the Tide of Events. About this time there appeared on the Scene a Lonely Man who, after a Short Acquaintance with the Lonely Spinster, decided to Increase His Earthly Possessions by Marrying Her, and thus obtaining Possession of the Relics of a Fast Disappearing Fortune. The Wedding took Place, but the Next Day the Loyal Suitor Returned with His Long-Sought-for Wealth to Claim His Bride. Alas, for the Maiden!

This Fable teaches Us, 't is Sometimes Best to put off till To-morrow What Can be done To-day.

S. F. Higginbotham.

The Man Who Never Got Enough.

Once upon a time, there was a Greedy Boy, who could never get Enough of the Delectable Stuff called Candy. He ate and ate for many long years, till at Last came the Time when the Former Joy of Existence lost All Charm for him.

He had arrived at the Stage when Knickerbockers become Full-grown Trousers and he Stood at the Corner and rattled the dimes in his Pockets, and the Confectioner put out his most Tempting Displays, but they made no Impression on the Youth whose Heart was now set on Higher Things. He longed, and longed for Certain Appurtenances which were the Only Things needed to make Him a Man.

Soon the Wished-for Time came, and this Man, sitting in his office, turned his Back on All his Manly Belongings, and stared out of the Window, and Sighed and Sighed for a Brown-eyed Lass.

Time flies; and now the Elderly Man walks Sadly down the Street, and casts Envious Glances at the Happy Children whom He passes. He 's tired of Life, and tired of Wife, and tired of Everything under the Sun.

Which All goes to Show that a Man never knows What He doesn't want until He gets It.

S. F. Higginbotham.

"No Ad."

THE pesky little "No Ad." It 's always on the door I want most to enter. If a girl has a box of nice, good things to eat, I find I love that girl, have always loved her; and it is my great pleasure to make her a call. It has been so long since I 've done so, that I can not put it off another minute. I hurry down the hall; but, alas! there 's a "No Ad." on the door. That 's just the way. Whenever I want to visit my friends, a "No Ad." stares me in the face. If I go to see Bessie, there 's a "No Ad." on the door. I saunter down the hall to Lucy's room, only to find a large blank sheet of paper carelessly hung on a tack; but I know it means "No Ad." Sometimes an old newspaper greets me as I rush up to a door, but it, too, says very plainly, "No Ad." On Friday it 's outrageous! As I pass along the corridors of "Poverty Row," "Rat Alley," "Watkins," or "Stuart," and my eye glances to right and left, I see samples of all kinds of stationery hanging on the doors, with perhaps a line, a cross, or some other style of penmanship upon them. No matter what the mark, it means "No Ad." But the one that tries my patience most of all is that neat, white square of paper that confronts me when I go to spend a few sweet moments with my friend who 's ill. I know she wants me; I can even hear her call. But between us hangs that fatal "No *Add.*"

No Ad

A Legend of Dan Cupid.

It happened that in days gone by
Unto this town a youth came nigh,
Who bravely bore midst friend and foe
Some arrows and a gilded bow:
'T was sly Dan Cupid.

"Now, by my bow, I know the heart
Of mortal can't withstand my dart.
Where there 's a will, Love finds a way;
And where 's the maid could say me nay?"
So laughed Dan Cupid.

With joy he cries to passers-by,
"I 'm on my way to V. F. I."
But school friends answer: "Idle quest!
You'll be a most unwelcome guest."
Go back, Dan Cupid.

At last he found the gray stone pile,
Mounted the steps with cunning smile,
And as by chance the door stood wide,
All uninvited, slipt inside.
Beware, Dan Cupid!

Alas for love, we know the slip,
In such a case 'twixt cup and lip;
And Duty stern and teachers grim,
This time prove doughty match for him.
Too bad, Dan Cupid.

They took away his arrows bright,
And hid his bow far out of sight,
And having caught him by surprise,
They cast him into "Paradise."
O shame! Dan Cupid.

O downfall dire!—he broke his arms,
And thus bereft of all his charms,
Through weather drear and weather fair,
He now, alas, is standing there,
A changed Dan Cupid

For now he never makes a sound,
Through wind and rain, the whole year 'round,
Not even when the snow falls deep
And wraps him up a fleecy heap,
So cold, Dan Cupid.

But silently he bears it all;
The girls look down from Stuart Hall,
And quite unheed his pleading eye,
With jokes and laughter pass him by;
A sin, Dan Cupid.

It seems too heartless to be true,
But all depends on point of view;
If truth must then be wholly known,
This poor boy, Love, is only *stone*,
A statuette Dan Cupid.

CARRIE KIGER CONWAY.

The Primer Man and the History Man

or

The Tables Turned.

Says Mr. Brooke to Mr. Green:
"These girls are very sweet;
They study us, let's study them."
Says Mr. Green: "'T is meet."

Silhouettes.

Gesticulation

Generally thoughts are conveyed from one to another by means of words and sentences, but there are more ways than one to express yourself. A wave of the hand, a toss of the head, a scornful look, and a bewitching smile often have more significance, being more emphatic and impressive, than a string of nouns and verbs. There is much pantomime in the halls of the V. F. I., for silence is strictly enforced during school hours. Our conversation has to be carried on without using any words, and, by constant practice and a certain amount of self-control, thoughts can be exchanged without uttering a sound. The other morning, I went into No. V music room to practice. The occupant looked at me with much surprise; then she commenced to pull at an imaginary bell. I understood her and nodded. She turned to her music, and, pointing to a passage of chromatic runs, passed her hands rapidly over the keyboard. It was a new piece, and, of course, she stumbled over it. No doubt she attributed her unsuccessful attempt to the music, for she vigorously shook her fist at the offending measures. While she was leaving the room, I pointed to Poverty Row, where she was to meet me at the end of the period. Not a word was used during those seconds, but we understood each other perfectly. Truly, gesticulation is indispensable to the V. F. I. girls.

J. C. Y.

The Wonderful Mind-Readers

Many unanswerable questions unite to vex my mind, but the one which is most urgent at present is how the V. F. I. teachers acquired their mind-reading powers. If there is an entertainment down the street and my heart goes out in longing desire to be there, I am very likely to go, in spite of unlearned lessons. No matter how wise I try to look in class the next day, however, every teacher sees through it immediately. Each one in her turn pumps and pumps and comes around to pump again, until I'm forced to say, "I'm sorry, but I don't seem to remember this lesson at all." Or, if, having forgotten to look up the meaning of some word, I begin to shuffle around

uneasily, I am asked to give the meaning of that selfsame word. All this seems wonderfully strange, but it is, nevertheless, a solemn truth. If I could write a history, the V. F. I. teachers should go down through all generations as among the great wonders of this age.

C. F. M.

A Recipe for Writing a Composition

Take one hour of study and find a subject; thirty minutes of thought and you will have a remote idea of what you want to say. Mix these two ingredients together and think hard. Next take your pad and pencil and write for forty-five minutes, and you will then have a rough copy of a composition, containing a certain amount of thought, imagination, and fact. Then copy neatly. You will find when you have finished that you have a theme ready to hand in to your teacher. Take this mixture in broken doses, because much at one time is not wholesome, either for the reader or the writer.

F. E.

The First Spring Day

Who knows anything more enervating and wearying than the first warm spring day? You get up in the morning and find that the heat has not yet been regulated, and so your room is as hot as Tophet. You open your window and instead of cool, refreshing breezes, the air blows in warm over the moist, humid earth. Breakfast is tasteless. You are provoked because there are no tempting spring dainties on the table. The school bell rings. You stroll leisurely into the study hall. The lecture makes very little impression this morning, and dreamily you take your place in the class-rooms. In literature you are asked for Milton's thoughts on Predestination from "Paradise Lost"; but some of the heat reflected from Milton's descriptions has entered and dulled your brain, and it seems wonderful that he should have thought about such uninteresting subjects on such a day as this. In geometry you must define a circle. Helplessly you look up at the sun and the dim idea of a circle, bounded by bright rays, comes into your head; but the question is passed before you can put the idea into words. In history, "Who was the father of

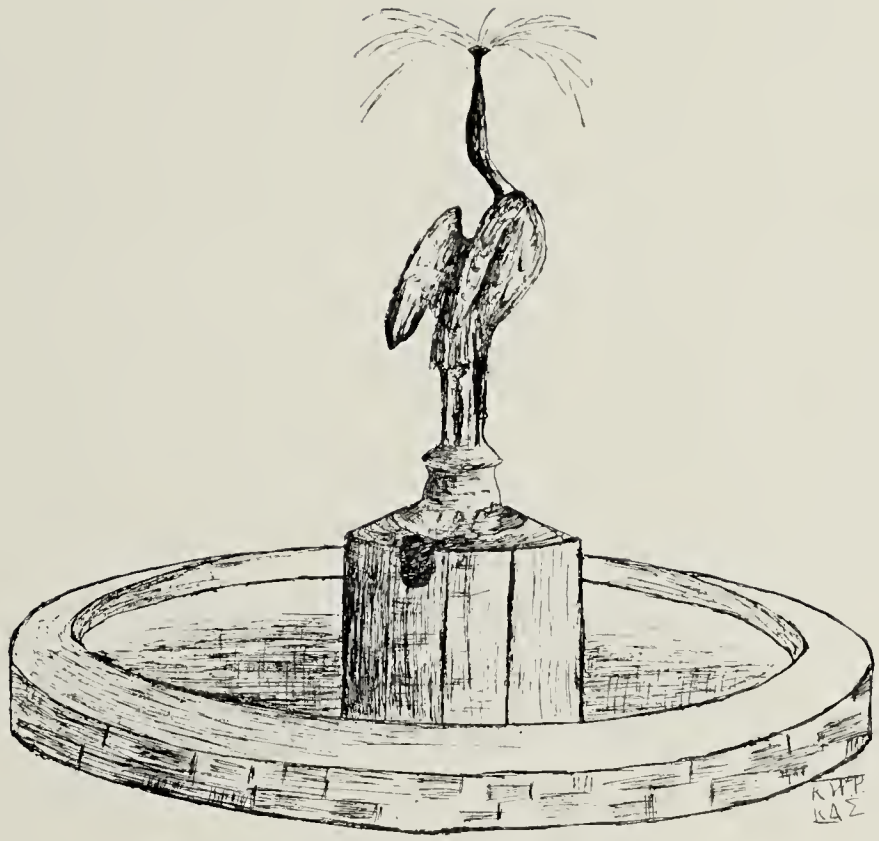
the Reformation in France?" is your share of the questions. Vaguely you feel that some day you will be distinguished, but now it takes all your self-respect to keep back the answer, "George Washington." Dimly you realize that this day has been a failure, and you are filled with the injustice of the sunshine and the warm Southern breeze. But, after all, what is the use in worrying about anything when the robins are beginning to sing and the trees to bud?

A. H. P.

Election Eve

Last Friday, the day before the one on which the votes for the Annual were cast, was a wildly exciting one at the V. F. I. That morning all the day-pupils reached school unusually early in order to get a chance to discuss the one absorbing topic, and at recess squads of girls could be found in every class-room, talking all at once and with mad gesticulations, so that no voice could be distinguished. In the Infirmary the patients were expatiating upon their votes; the Reading-Room was for a time deserted as not available for talking, and there was hubbub in the "gym." The news of the coming election spread even to the "Primary." When one of the little girls had asked me for whom I was going to vote in one particular instance, and I had told her that I was undecided, she said, "Well, you vote for that tall girl in the blue waist. Course, I don't know her, but then my best big chum says everybody is going to vote for her." But the topic was not confined to the walls of the V. F. I., for the day-pupils that afternoon took long walks in groups and made lengthy visits, forgetting lessons, and some of the homes were used as "lobbies" for the coming and going voters. I heard one girl express surprise that Miss Duval had not declared a holiday in honor of the occasion. We were in such a fever of excitement that we forgot to get hungry, and I think there could be no more emphatic indication of our frantic state.

E. D.



The Dodo

or

The Bird at the Fountain.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
O'er a next day's lesson I had not scanned before,
Suddenly I heard a clatter as of some one beating batter,
And my thoughts began to scatter as I started for my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
But with no fire to cast its ruddy flicker on the floor;
Just cold steam pipes. Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the zero,
For the round and shapely, black, much-dreaded zero—
For the nameless terror, zero.

And the mournful gnawing, gnawing of each hungry rodent
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors of a dire potent:
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'T is some girl entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some prowling, naughty school girl at my door—
This it is and nothing more."

Then opening wide the door, long I stood there, wondering, peering;
But the silence was unbroken, and the hallway gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Dodo."
This I murmured, and an echo whispered back the word "Dodo"—
Only this and nothing more.

Open then I flung the shutter, where I saw with many a flutter,
In the moonlight step a stately Dodo of the days of long ago.
Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment paused, because he
Stepped with air of pride and kingly on a stone the fountain o'er,
Perched upon a pedestal from the fountain floor,
Stepped and perched this ancient Dodo.

Then this bird of ancient time beguiled me into further rhyme,
For it bore the stamp of ages and the comrades of sages
By the grave and wise expression of the countenance it wore.
"Though a fowl of mark," I said, "art sure no lark,
Coldly intellectual, proud and ancient birdling, wandering from Homerian shore,
Tell me what thy rightful name is on thy old and classic shore?"
Quoth the Dodo, "Dodo."

Then methought the air grew calm and the scent of Eastern balm
Mingled with the water's ripple as it fell the fountain o'er.
"Bird," I cried, "what god hath sent thee, what hath bent thee
From thy flight and led thee, whether friend or foe,
To take possession of this fountain so?"
Quoth the Dodo, "Dodo."

"Dodo!" said I, "bird of wisdom, Dodo still, if wise or foolish,
Whether sent or carried, whether tempest-tossed or harried,
Head thrown back and pinions flaunted
On this fount by Burroughs planted,
On this sward by schoolgirls taunted,
Tell me what I wish to know:
On the morrow will I 'scape this zero,
Zero, that I fear me, fear me so?"
Quoth the Dodo, "No, No."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By the church that looks upon us, by the trees that bend so low,
Tell this soul if it alas! when within to-morrow's class
Something it shall know, or receive that dreaded thing, a zero?"
Quoth the Dodo, "Zero, Zero."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back to seek thy owner, to thy Eastern shores and Homer:
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul has spoken;
Leave my tinkling fountain, leave the view of my pet mountain,
Take thy form from Paradise, which as Fairyland we know."
Quoth the Dodo, "No, No."

And the Dodo, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
O'er the fountain on the front lawn near the door—
In the ice and snow of Winter, 'mid the green and charm of Summer—
And his eyes do ever shine with a light half-mocking, half divine,
While the water shimmering o'er him, throws his shadow down below—
Throws the shadow of that grim and ancient Dodo,
Of that mocking, wise old Dodo.

THE PALACE AT PEKIN.

An Oriental Garden.

LET one's imagination soar above his surroundings for a few moments, and take a glance at an Eastern garden. He will find it in the height of its beauty in spring, when the lilac, the orchid, the jasmine, and the hyacinth are in bloom. Entering the arched gateway, built of rustic branches, a breath of fragrance greets the visitor, and looking overhead, he catches sight of the roses intertwining with the branches of the arch.

Before him is a winding walk, not paved with cement or asphalt, but with mosaic, bordered on either side by shells of various forms, peeping out among the green grass.

To the right is a lake, shaped like a crescent, and enclosed by a row of blossoming cherry and peach trees. The surface of the water is almost entirely hidden by the pink lotus with its immense leaves. Standing out in the middle of the lake is a unique octagonal summer-house, surrounded by a balcony, and the whole building is separated from the banks. The songs of the canaries and thrushes floating from over the water is irresistible, and the light canoe with its tiny oars lies invitingly beside the bank.

After a few paddlings, the boat carries the visitor to the summer-house, and he enters eagerly. In the centre of the lofty room is a round ebony table with a glass top, through which gold and silver fishes can be seen swimming in their shallow bed. From the airy cages ranged on the walls, the lark, the nightingale, the mocking-bird, and the popinjay pour forth songs of happiness and mirth. The ceiling is indeed a marvel. It is built in the shape of a dome, heavily gilded, and set with innumerable little mirrors that twinkle and glitter in the rays of the setting sun. The window-panes are of stained or tinted glass, admitting a soft light, while the air of the room is scented by violets and heliotrope, daintily arranged in porcelain vases.

The visitor hurries away from this enchanting place, crosses a zigzag bridge which spans the lake, and turns to the left of the walk. There lies a

velvety lawn, dotted here and there with stone tables and porcelain stools, placed under the shade of the willow, the palm, or the magnolia, in their gay spring dress. Everywhere the lawn is relieved by rustic summer-houses or by quaint flower-beds, bordered by shells also. A fountain is built in the center of the grass plot, and the water spouts merrily from the mouth of the dragon carved out of solid stone. There are benches around it, on which the visitor can rest and watch the water sporting with a light ball which it supports. A chain of miniature mountains with tunnels and stony paths rises in the rear of the garden. The rugged masses are covered with the most delicate ferns and flowers. What can equal the exquisite beauty of such a place? Can we not call it a paradise upon earth?

申江女史顏昭祫祔

Sharp Cuts.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."—Anna Alvey and Cora Lutz.

"Either to die the death or to abjure forever the society of men."—Lillian Young.

"Thy sins not accidental, but a trade."—Frances Page.

"Would that those lips had language."—Winifred Browse.

"Would that those had not language."—E. Timberlake.

"Their study was but little on the Bible."—Willey and Sinnott.

"To be slow in words is woman's only virtue."—Hallie Read.

"I would not grow so fast, because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste."—Katharine Wheelock.

"Large will be her footprints on the sands of time."—Alice Smith.

"I laugh 'sans intermission.'"—Lydia Fuller.

"Full well she sang and tun'd in her nose full sweetly."—Cecilia Bratton.

"That fatal freshness."—A. Hendricks.

"She is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows the fits of the season."—Miss Whitfield.

"Behold, what a weariness is it!"—French Table.

"Night after night she sat and bleared her eyes with books."—Anne Kemp.

"The long hours come and go."—Monday.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted."—Carrie Conway.

"They have a plentiful lack of wit."—Chaucer Class.

"You can and you can't, you will and you won't."—Invalid Class.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."—V. F. I.

"Honest labour bears a lovely face."—Loulie Snead.

"We grieved, we sighed, we wept."—At Final Exams.

"She sighed, and looked, then sighed again."—Virginia Lee.

"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss."

—The Cases.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."—Mosaics, 1901-'02.

"To prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

—Carrie and Annie in Reformation Class.

"Sense, sure you have."—Mr. Minor.

"I love not the humour of bread and cheese."—Sunday Night Supper.

"It will discourse most excellent music."—Chorus Class.

"How can the merciless expect mercy?"—The Faculty.

"Think on thy sins."—Saturday Morning Talk.

"On their own (de)merits, honest girls are dumb."—Saturday Morning Roll.

"Laugh, and be fat."—Frances Mayer.

"And gladly would she learn and gladly teach."—Miss Harrison.

"Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear."—Elise Wilson.

"A plague of sighing and grief."—Louise Briscoe.

"Let him be sure to leave other men their times to speak."—Lydia Lee.

"She speaks poignards and every word stabs."—Nellie Minor.

"What a sweep of vanity comes this way."—Jennie Minge

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

—Annie C. Berkeley.

"She was kittenish in her manners, wearing generally an air of soft and fluffy innocence."—Nellie Gordon.

"Pluck up drowned honour by the locks."—Miss Duval.

GOLF IS NOT THE ONLY GAME ON EARTH.

(On Seeing Gibson's Picture Presented as a Tableau.)

TO J. W.

Darkness veiled our upturned faces,
Silence fell upon us all,
Throbbing hearts beat there together,
Waiting in the crowded hall.

Deeply stirring all my being,
Rushing to my eager eyes,
Love looked out, though scarcely seeing,
Waiting for the curtain's rise.

Presently a light broke o'er us:
You we saw, sincere and pure;
Standing there, your gentle beauty
Stilled us, thrilled us more and more.

Though but two were there together
In the soft light's gentle ray,
Cupid's arrow pierced my being,
Joining in that old, old play.

Thinking sadly of the future,
Of full many a dreaded day
When again this Southland weary
For your gentle voice should pray.

Dearest, surely through the stillness
From my heart a message fled.
Tell me dearest, best, and purest,
Tell me how that message sped.

Was it lost in Cupid's quiver,
Standing there between us two?
Is it gone and lost ferever,
With its message meant for you?

Is it gone, or does it nestle
In your heart, so pure and fair?
Tell me, does it vainly wrestle
Or in safety whisper there?

Loulie A. Snead.

The Modern Woman.

[The following article is an extract from an address delivered April 10, 1902, by Hon. John S. Wise, to the Graduating Class of Trained Nurses at the Post-Graduates' Hospital, and is given here with the kind permission of the author.]

THE temper of our times, at least in America, certainly does not seek to circumscribe woman's sphere of usefulness or deny her opportunities. We may not have accorded her suffrage, but we surely have acquiesced in any demand she has made for admission into the professions and trades. It is not the foreigner alone who is astonished at the extent to which woman has, within our own time, become a factor in the commercial, industrial, and professional life of America. Within a few years great changes have occurred in these respects. Perhaps more women have found employment as typewriters and trained nurses than in any other business callings; but they are in many other vocations which until of late years employed men almost exclusively. Female lawyers have not yet become very prominent; but female doctors are becoming influential. I know several who are making both reputation and money. Female editors, newspaper correspondents and reporters; female accountants and cashiers; female clerks in shops and hotels; and many other female business folk are abroad in the land. It is a new departure, and the outcome of this mingling of the sexes in new relations to each other is watched with great interest by students of social problems.

What effect is it to produce upon the intellect, the manners, the daily thought and conversation, which go to fix the character of the communities in which it exists? For myself, I am confident that the presence of women in the business life of men tends to refinement both in the conduct and in conversation of the men. A business place in which females are present is very different from what it was when there was nothing to restrain the loose and idle talk in which the average youngster is prone to indulge, with none

but his own sex present. And while there may be drawbacks, a vast number of happy marriages have resulted from men and women being thrown together in this way, in the ripening of mutual respect for the business capacity of each other, into the tender passion, based upon foundations safer than mere sentiment. I have little respect for the arguments which assert that there are really serious objections to the intermingling of the sexes in business. My observation is, and I have had more than ordinary opportunities, that as a rule it is unobjectionable and that the general results are mutually beneficial.

I frankly admit, however, it seems to me, that women have more to guard against than men when they step down into the masculine arena.

They surely must perceive what all men acknowledge frankly, that the charm and power of woman lies, not in physical or even intellectual strength and endurance, so much as in the possession, and retention under all circumstances, of purity of thought and language, gentleness, sweetness of temper, modesty, refinement, courtesy, dignity, and those other preeminently female qualities in which men confess her to be their superiors, and which the veriest male brute respects. No woman recognizing this and feeling herself strong enough to govern her conduct by it, should hesitate a moment to enter into the business sphere of men.

On the other hand, no woman should do so with the idea of becoming "mannish." When woman becomes "snappy" and "slangy" and what some are pleased to call "advanced," men are amused and oftentimes encourage them; but it is always at heavy cost to the woman herself; for while men laugh at this character of brightness or doubtful modesty, no man who remembers his mother's or sister's gentleness and aspires to a wife like them, will seek her among women who in effect proclaim, "I am just as good a man as you are."

Masculine instinct never searches for masculine traits or masculine brazenness in the other sex. It is repelled by them as infallibly as the positive pole of magnetism repels its like and is attracted to its negative mate.

I recall meeting, on one occasion, a handsome, well-dressed, attractive woman, who was acting as judge of ladies' riding-horses at a horse show. Until we entered the ring together I thought her charming. There was no occasion for her shocking me—all my predilections were in her favor. No

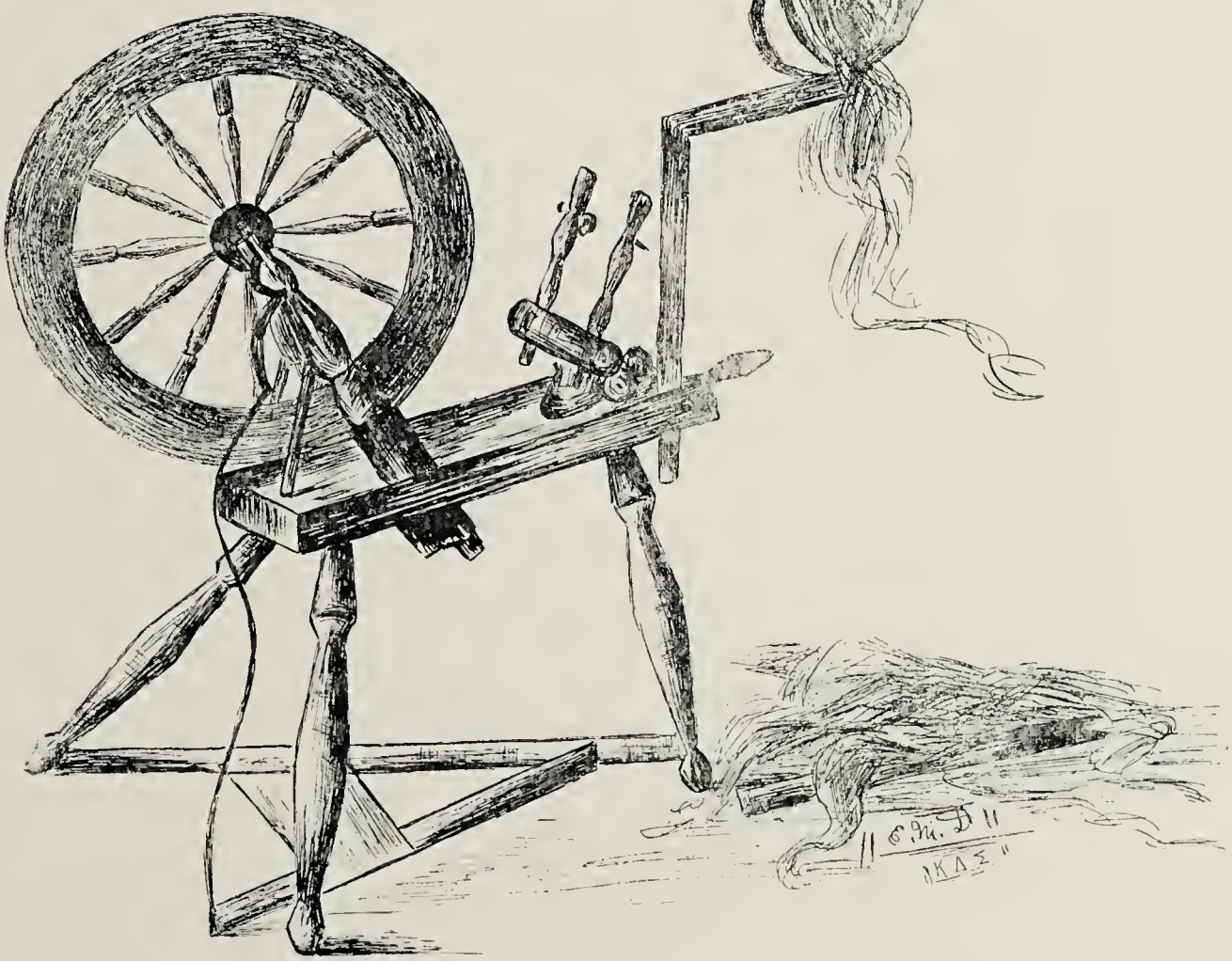
doubt she was a very good woman in her way. But after what I saw her do and heard her say, I lost all interest in her. She was simply too "horsey" a woman to suit my masculine tastes; and I do not think I am a prude. She mistook the extent of her duties under the circumstances.

I have met many trained nurses. Their profession is a noble one—one worthy to commend them to the most deferential respect, nay, reverence, of man and woman. Everybody knows what knowledge, on their part, proficiency in their calling implies. It should not, and will not, save as they themselves cause it to do so, detract one iota from scrupulous consideration of their modest womanhood. In the vast majority of cases it does not. Yet we men know how repulsive to all our high ideals of womanhood is the nurse who in manner or conversation assumes the role of being "knowing."

Oh, woman, that intuitive reading of men's natures which is your crowning strength and armor, must teach you, if you reflect but a moment, that man is your slave so long as you wear your native crown of modesty and exact his tribute to your superior refinement; that you may invade his lairs with impunity, claim from him your rights, and emerge from all contact with him with your dominion over him unimpaired, if you never lose sight of the real foundations of your kingdom. On the other hand, remember what a watchful brute he is. Do not, through any false notion of your mission, seek to be like him. You can not be like him if you try ever so hard. When you cease to be yourself, your better self, you have lost your great advantage. Then, but not until then, you will find that man, with his coarser nature and with superior brute force, will take you at a disadvantage of your own bringing about and will become master.

The secret of female dominion is the employment of female attributes. The only danger to woman is when she seeks to be other than what she naturally is. Her breastplate is her modesty and her dignity. Her scimiter is her refinement. Her safeguard is upright walk and conversation. Jealously guarding these, such may with impunity enjoy all the advantages of modern womanhood and preserve a type of womanhood as refined and exalted as that of the days of chivalry.

MARIA



Yarns.

How They Fell Out.

A professor of English at one of the large Southern universities gave as a subject to one of his theme classes one day, "How They Fell Out." The look of incredulity that greeted him was most laughable, and a murmer of protest went around the class. On the end of one of the benches, however, sat a student who, after deliberating for a moment, began writing furiously, and at the end of the half hour handed to the professor the following:

They were very much in love with each other—this summer girl and this college boy—and having exhausted all the usual lover-like operations, proposed a moonlight drive. Could anything be more conducive to the murmuring of sweet nothings than such a pleasure? Just as old Sol was sinking behind the horizon, with a last lazy wink at all nature, the college boy drove up and, amid many excited flutterings, the two began the drive. They were driving along a road that led under the sweet-smelling pines, where the moon sifted through the branches in great patches of light and where all seemed most suited to the occasion. Suddenly the wheels struck a huge rock that had slipped into the road, and the trap lurched heavily to one side. Before either was able to realize what had happened, they were prone upon the ground. Thus for the first time in this happy summer the summer girl and the college boy *fell out*.

Lydia Dozier Lee.

The Family Who Trusted in Uncles.

There was once a family—a poor family, and so, of course, a big family. Poor Mr. Brown, the father, and Mrs. Brown, the mother, were often driven to their wits' end to find where the Sunday's dessert was to come from. One day, however, Mr. Brown came in to dinner radiant.

"My dear," he said, "my rich Uncle Reginald de Brownton is coming to stay with us for a week and doubtless, on his departure, he will send Tom to school, he will give Dick a suit of clothes, and take Harry to spend the winter with him. So you see, my dear, we can afford to have dessert every day while he is here, to get Susan a new dress, to give Jane a new pair of shoes, and to buy a new counterpane for the bed in which my uncle will sleep, for he mustn't be ashamed of his relations."

Then, Tom was sent to the baker's, Dick to the confectioner's, and Harry to the shoe store; Susan went to six dry goods houses and got a hundred samples of five-cent calico; Mrs. Brown got the counterpane and, when night came, the family sat down in a spotlessly clean house to wait for the rich uncle who was to sleep on the best bed, in the best room, and use the new counterpane.

But alas! for the next Sunday's dessert. The rich uncle arrived, and with him his dog. Jane was sent on so many errands that her new shoes wore out; the dog tore Susan's new dress the first day. Uncle Reginald remained in his room all morning and burnt a hole in the new counterpane with his cigar. Tom and Dick and Harry had to stay in the streets all day so as not to disturb this uncle who detested boys; and on Saturday night Uncle Reginald departed, leaving the pantry empty, the boys furious, Susan in her old dress, Jane in a pair of her mother's slippers, and the counterpane burnt in three places.

Loulie Atkinson Snead.

Unc' Eben's Recollection.

Unc' Eben sank into a deep reverie, gazing at the glowing logs heaped up into a comfortable blaze. "Tell you what!" he exclaimed, "dem was days, sho nuff! We,"—meaning Mrs. Cecil, the lady of the house, and himself, the butler at "Fairfield" in those days—"we used to have loads o' comp'ny, an' put on mo' style! Not but what we didn't *have* it on all de time; but, when yo'ng Marse George come home f'om Richmond for de las' time —dat wuz de crownin' pint. Sech a dancin' an' a talkin' nebber wuz seen. Mis' Rose—she Marse George's ma—you knows dat much—she look lak de flower she name after, an' Miss Vi'let, she wuz putty nigh de same. An' den,"—here the old man's voice lowered, and his face fell—"den, dat happened."

"What happened Unc' Eben? Do tell me quick!" I cried.

The old negro shivered, and his eyes grew round with terror, apparently at some recollection of the past. "Chile," he gasped, "don' *eber* say you don' believe in ghosts, 't ain't safe. Don' nobody know how many of 'em 's cavortin' 'round unbeknownst, 'specially in dese here *ole* houses."

He stopped and seemed to forget where he was, so I pulled him by his tattered sleeve, and cried, "But, Unc' Eben, tell me what happened."

He was strangely changed in so short a while, and said, "Law, chile, ain' I ever tell you 'bout dis? Well, 't was jes dis way: Marse George, he love Miss Vi'let, an', when he perposed, she up an' 'cepted him, after playin' wid him a while, in cose. Den wuzn't thar a-feastin' an' a-carryin' on! Marse George, he *way* up in de sky, an' seem lak he joyin' hisself up dar, too. But he had ter come down; he most pintedly did. Dat night befo' de day appinted for de weddin', we all niggers wuz a-settin' up late ter perpare our sperits for de 'casion wid singin', and eatin', an' specylatin' on de match. An' dey warn't no lack o' warnin's, neither. I could swar dat I hearn a screecher a-performin' up to the gret-house, an' seem lak ebery dog wuz a-howlin' under de winders. But didn't nobody pay no 'tention to dat; an' de nex' mornin' dar wan't *no* Miss Vi'let, an', f'om dat day to dis, ain' nobody know what come o' her, an' what 's mo', ain' nobody *gwine* to know.

Some say dat nudder man on a prancin' black horse come an' steal her 'way, *an'* some say she run 'way herse'f; but, *ef* she did, huccome she leave her sperit behind? Tell me dat."

Awed into silence, I waited some minutes till he recovered himself, and went on, "Yassir! She lef' her sperit behind, an' I ain' de on'y one as seen it, mostly walkin' up an' down—up an' down de yew walk on misty nights when de moon gone down, jes' lak when she wuz took."

"But, Unc' Eben," said I, "where are Miss Rose and Marse George now?"

"Don' ask me, chile," he moaned, relapsing into his former grief, "de ole place gone to ruin—an' all de people dead—all dead but dis pore ole nigger, an' he prays to go soon!"

Overcome by his emotion, I, childlike, wept with him, though I could not understand his feeling. Soon, however, he brightened up, "Law, Marse Dick!" he cried, "look at de sun. Time you wuz home eatin' yo' supper, to tell de trufe!"

LOUISE SHACKELFORD FONTAINE.

The Saint.

It was almost dark in St. Isadore's little church and, in fact, the only light came from a smoky taper that cast a faint glow over the dusty tinsel back of the altar and brought into dim relief the fat figure of the kneeling priest. Most of the church was dark and one could only dimly distinguish the figure of a girl, kneeling at the chancel-step. A little distance back could be indistinctly seen the spectre-like, dark-veiled Sisters who were waiting to receive the kneeling girl into their order. Still further back, almost hidden in the blackness, were the family of the novice, gazing with reverential affection on her so soon to be taken from them. A strange hush fell over every one, and every eye was closed and every head bowed, as the priest began sleepily to drone out long Latin prayers in a dreary monotone.

On and on he went, and lower sank the heads of his hearers until, mingling in with the sound of his drawling, a low snore could be heard every now and then from some of the Sisters on the front benches.

There was a slight sound on the roof, but no one marked it, it seemed only to harmonize with the weary sounds within. Only the novice stole sly glances upward and moved uneasily on the chancel-step. Suddenly one of the Sisters heard a slight, queer noise, a rustling in the air. At first, she didn't raise her eyes, but, at last, curiosity overcame her scruples and she looked up.

"A miracle! A miracle!" she cried, as she beheld the girl slowly rising toward the low ceiling. The Mother Superior rubbed her eyes, the Padre grunted and turned around, and every one else looked around in a dazed sort of way. When they had collected their scattered senses enough to look where the Sister pointed, the novice was already ascending through a hole in the roof. In a second she was gone. Everybody stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder. Where was Roseta gone?

At last the Padre spoke: "My children, well may you stand rapt and awestruck at this proof of St. Isadore's glorious power. Blessed be her name! She has taken this maiden to herself in the wonderful heaven. Blessed are ye who have seen a saint ascend to the sky. Let us express our wonder and adoration of the gracious Isadore! Let us erect a memorial altar to her name and that of the maid who has ascended to-day."

Like wildfire spread the news, and great crowds thronged to the little church and great offerings poured into the little treasury of St. Isadore. Never was there such excitement in Lima. Not even when the Chilian soldiers marched into the city two weeks before, not even when the Chilian soldiers marched out the next morning, were the people so stirred up. What was a war to one of their number being translated to heaven? The bishop visited Roseta's family and told them he would send the girl's name to Rome for canonization. How those parents felt can never be described. Their daughter a saint! Was it possible? A saint to be worshiped all over the earth! It was too great!

Just then there was a knock at the door and in walked Roseta, limping and weeping. Her story was soon told: A Chilian soldier had won her

love; had had no chance to carry her off till at the church when, by a pre-arranged plan, he had let down a rope during prayers and drawn her up; had married her that day, had beaten her the next, and she had returned to her parents.

MARY MEARES GALT.

"Evidence," "Pleading," "Practice,"

As Shown in the Love Affairs of a Susceptible Maiden and a Jealous Man.

Charleston, S. C., May 1st, 1901.

My Dear Miss Katharine:—

Remembering your promise to "be good to me and mine," I am writing this note to ask a favor of you. A very good friend of mine, one Randolph Carter by name, will arrive in Richmond this week to make that city his place of habitation. Won't you be as nice to him as you can—which is the best, ever—and take pity on his lonely lot in the city? Do not trifle with his young affections, as is your wont. And believe me,

Yours,

Henry Lyman.

Richmond, Va., May 5th, 1901.

My Dear Miss Howard:—

You are, indeed, good to take me "in faith," from my friend Henry Lyman, and your kind invitation for Wednesday's reception is accepted most cordially, and deeply appreciated. With deepest regard,

Sincerely yours,

Randolph Carter.

Richmond, Va., May 9th, 1901.

My Dear Mr. Carter:—

I shall, indeed, believe that you enjoyed yourself last evening at the reception, if these exquisite violets you have sent me are meant as appreciation. Thank you for them; they are my favorite flower, and shall be greatly enjoyed.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than a drive with you to-morrow, and I shall be ready at the appointed hour.

Most cordially yours,

Katharine S. Howard.

Richmond, Va., May 15th, 1901.

Dear Miss Katharine:—

My drive with you last week was such a perfect pleasure that you must pardon me for asking you for another such boon to-morrow afternoon. Wear these roses for me and let these violets bring thoughts of

Yours faithfully,

R. Carter.

Tuesday, May 18th, 1901.

Thank you so much, dear Mr. Carter, for your lovely letter and exquisite flowers. I am a great deal better this morning, and trust you have felt no very bad effects from our runaway. Such a brute of a horse to be so beautiful; but you more than proved yourself equal to the occasion, and I long to tell you of my gratitude to you, my hero, now.

Come to dinner, *en famille*, Sunday at 6.30, and be prepared for an eulogy.

As ever, K. H.

Monday, May 19th, 1901.

Katharine, since last night's talk in that beautiful, dimly-lighted parlor, my thoughts have been all of you, and there is a passionate longing in my heart to see you again to-night. Grant this request, because I leave Richmond

early Tuesday morning for a business trip of two months. Only one word, "Come," will be needed for my happiness. With impatience,

Yours devotedly,

RANDOLPH CARTER.

May 19th, 1901.

Yes; Come.

Faithfully, KATHARINE.

NORFOLK, VA., June 10th, 1901.

Katharine, dearest and truest of all women, why do you love me so?—I, who have nothing that in any way could deserve your affection! Remember, though, that I will *always* love, yes, always, always. You are to be mine, aren't you, Katharine? And then will be the realization of the greatest bliss mortal can ever dare hope for.

Yours always—yours only,

RAN.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 4th, 1902.

Ran, dearest, you should be in this great old city and have some of my joys. Such a grand time, and everything perfect, and without end.

Our friend Henry Lyman has been lovely to me and, seeing him constantly, we talk of you. He is even more handsome and attractive than ever, and such splendid company. I have just come in from a drive with him and then off to a reception at Mrs. Lyman's, his dear mother's. A great deal of love for you, Ran. As ever, KITTY.

February 1st, 1902.

Ran, dear, have I taken two weeks and more to write to you, and you have been so good to me, too? Pardon me, won't you? My time is not my own.

Henry has just left, and as we have been doing the Exposition, I am very tired. Be good to yourself and write again to

Yours, KITT.

P. S. Thanks, so much, for the glorious violets. You are ever such a dear boy.

February 20th, 1902.

DEAR RAN:—

Your last three letters have all arrived and gave so much pleasure that they should have been answered sooner. But I am now staying with Henry's mother and there is even more gayety than ever.

Have you been lonely, dear boy? Cheer up, for I am coming home next week, and as Henry comes home with me, the combined advent should make you jump for joy. KATHARINE.

RICHMOND, VA., February 28th, 1902.

So you could not come to the station last night because it "hurt you" to see Henry and me together. You foolish man! Jealous of your old friend. Am afraid you have changed for the worse, since my departure in December. If you are going to be so foolish there is nothing for me to say.

As ever, KATHARINE HOWARD.

RICHMOND, VA., March 11th, 1902.

DEAR MR. CARTER:—

Oh! the humor of it! We have been two young idiots. Am sure you know that I can no longer care for you after the way you have acted in this affair of Mr. Lyman and myself. Am sure we have both learned a lesson, tho', and hereafter you will be, I am sure, a wiser man, if not a sadder one. All the "possessions" are now returned to you, and with the hope that you may have occasion to use them in the near future, I am,

Sincerely, KATHARINE S. HOWARD.

On August 30th of the following summer we read this:

MRS. REGINALD HOWARD

ANNOUNCES THE WEDDING OF HER DAUGHTER

KATHARINE STUART

TO

HENRY LYMAN

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

AT HOME
AFTER SEPTEMBER 30TH
2250 RIVER VIEW AVENUE
CHARLESTON, S. C.

LYDIA DOZIE LEE.

The Ghost of the Homestead.

ON a slight rise above one of those broad, peaceful lagoons for which Louisiana is so famous, stands "The Homestead." It is an old colonial stone building, and its handsome pillars, though leaning a little 'neath their weight of ancient ivy, will for many years yet bid adieu to the evening sun as it tints the ripples on the lake. Wild flowers and vines and shrubbery grown wild make the yard well-nigh impenetrable, and the broad gravel walk supports a flourishing growth of aspens. The fence has long since rotted away, and only the massive stone gate-posts with their rusty iron hinges guard the entrance. The path leading to the "Quarters," now deserted and decaying, is scarcely distinguishable midst the almost tropical luxuriance. But it is the silence of the place which is most noticeable. The air is laden with perfume, but neither the hum of the bee, nor the song of the bird is often, if ever, heard around the old house.

Such was the place which General Warwick and his daughter Rosalie found, as, late one evening, they strolled out from the little village half a mile from "The Homestead." General Warwick was from Massachussetts, and had fought bravely through the Civil War, when from exposure he had developed the seeds of consumption. Now he had come back to that same South he had trampled upon to find again the health he had there lost thirty years ago. Rosalie had accompanied her father both from love of him and an intense curiosity to see what kind of people really lived on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. She was a tall, slender brunette. Her features were strong and regular, and when the warm blood rushed to her cheeks and her eyes flashed she was very handsome. She had a keen appreciation of beauty and an exclamation escaped her as they turned a bend in the road and the old house came in sight, just as the setting sun threw in relief the paneless windows and the light evening breeze stirred the ivy mantle.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "this is just the place for us! It is so beautiful and stately. I could almost imagine myself in some old feudal

stronghold. And in this air I know your cough wouldn't even think of coming back. Won't you get it, father dear? You know you must stay down South a year at least."

"Perhaps, perhaps, little girl," answered the general; "it is certainly a very striking old home. But now it is late and we must start for the village. Maybe we can find out its history there."

"I'll wager there's some silly Southern superstition about it," said Rosalie, as they walked back to their boarding-house. "There really must be something in the air down here; for I have only been here a month, but when we were looking at that lonesome old place, I must confess I felt as mysterious and ghostly as a native would have done.

"Oh, father, I see Aunt Nancy at her door," she exclaimed, pointing to a comfortable-looking old negro woman, with a red bandanna neatly tied about her head, standing in a cabin door. "I am dying with curiosity to know if there really is a story. Come, let's ask her." So saying, she ran on ahead and, greeting the old darkey, asked her if she could tell them anything about the old house a little way down the road.

"Land's sakes, Miss Rosalie! Wat ol' house is you talkin' 'bout?" asked Nancy, diligently dusting the bench at the door with her apron, for her guests' accommodation.

"Why, that one just a little way from here, all covered with vines and going to ruin," answered Rosalie, a little surprised at her ignorance.

"Law, Miss Rosalie, dat ain't no ol' house. Dat am 'de Homestead,'" said Aunt Nancy in an injured tone, "an' you mus' n't be talkin' 'bout it in no unrespectful way, caze dat am de sacredest, an' de uncanniest place anywhar 'round here."

"Well, tell me about it, Aunt Nancy," said Rosalie, very much interested. "Who lived there and why is it deserted now?"

"Will you believe it? De chile ain't never heared 'bout 'de Homestead.' I 'clare to gracious, dese people from de Nor' is de mos' ignorantis I ever see!" exclaimed Aunt Nancy indignantly. "But you an' yo' Pa jes set down here, honey," said she, changing her tone to one of kindly solicitude, "an' dis here ol' nigger 'll tell you 'bout 'de Homestead.'"

The General and Rosalie took the proffered seat and listened with interest, as the old woman put her hands on her hips and began.

"It were like dis, lady. Ol' Marse, he were mighty rich, but he were mighty sad and lonesome. But one time he went 'way for a good little bit, down in Floridy or somewhere like dat, and when he come back he brought Ol' Miss wid 'im. She were almos' de prettiest thing you ever see, Miss Rosalie; jes like one of dem poppies, ef dey was only on a white stem," pausing to point to the tall flowers at the corner of the cabin. "Well, arter dat," she resumed, "'de Homestead' were de gayest place in de country, an' Ol' Marse he weren't sad no mo'. But dey ain't been married so very long 'fore de Mexican War it brake out, an' Ol' Marse he think it 's he duty to go, so he git 'pinted Major, an' kiss Ol' Miss good-bye right in de honeysuckle arbor, an' go off. Ol' Miss she jes seem to pine away from dat time, an', when in 'bout a year dey brought Ol' Marse back on a stretcher pretty nigh shot to pieces, dare was a little baby Marse waitin' for 'im an' he po' wife am been in her grave mo' 'an six months. Ol' Marse he never walked no mo'; an' he got as sad as ever 'ceptin' for de interes' he took in little Marse Phillip. Bout three years arter dat, Marse's lonesome sister died, an' ain't left nobody but a little gal jes Marse Phillip's age, so she come to 'de Homestead' to live. Well, dem chillun got so thick till you couldn't see daylight 'tween 'em and course we knowed dat some day Miss Amy 'd be Missus of de big house.

"Den come long de sure 'nough war, an' de good Lord proteck us from no mo'. It mos' kill Ol' Marse dat he can't go, an' he keep Ephum workin' hard a rollin' 'im in de chare up an' down de veerandy an' out in de garden—it seem like de air in de house 'a kinder strangle 'im. An' it pretty nigh kill Marse Phillip, too, ter stay at home, bein' as he was jes thirteen an' too young. But he Pa promise him de day he is sixteen he kin start out, so he do he best, an' got him a sword an' uniform an' march all over de place, keepin' po' Miss Amy cryin' a mighty lot, telling how many Yankees he was gwine to kill an' how dey 'd bring 'im back on de shiel', or somethin' like dat. An', bless yo' soul, Miss Amy she jes change all round in dem three years an' by young Marse's sixteen birthday, she were a reg'lar grown up lady, an' jes' as brave as you make 'em. 'Bout dat time we was havin' a might heap of trouble wid dem Yankees stealin' everythin' we got an' givin' us plenty of dey sass; an' jes dat very mornin' young Marse were to go 'way we heared dey were a party galervantin' round de country, an' Ephum he took de hosses in de brush

an' put mos' of de chickens in our cabin, but we never thought no more 'bout it, we was all so proud of Marse Phillip, so handsome like in he soldier dress and Zacherias holdin' he hos. Ol' Marse were jes drinkin' him in, an' Miss Amy she were as pale as dat white rose-bush an' clingin' to him sorter. An' de fus thing we know of dem Yankees was hearin' a man comin' up on de porch. He stop mighty surprised to see a soldier dare, and den haul up he gun and say 'Surrender,' an' young Marse he step forward an' say 'I die fust!' an' den—dey both fire." Here Aunt Nancy's apron went up to her face and her ample frame shook with a great sob. The woman was telling of the days of her prime and of the actors on the small stage of her world within the larger one, and her soul was with the story.

"Lord, Miss Rosalie! I jes can't keep hold of myself when I talks 'bout dat time. I jes see it like it were to-day!" she said, brokenly. "Marse Phillip, bein' so young, fired wild, an' de Yankee aimed an' de blessed chile jes fell back heavy in Miss Amy's arms. Dat were all. Dey buried 'im next day side he Ma. It seem like arter dat Miss Amy she jes bound fer to have soldiers ter take care of, an' de house jest got ter be a hospital, de ambulance stoppin' dare reg'lar. An' dem soldiers, dey jes worship Miss Amy, an' pray de Lord ter bring her back whensoever she went out de room. An' it keep on till las' Ol' Marse know he can't live long, caze now all he heart 's in de groun' an' he gotter follow soon. But he knowed Miss Amy 'bliged fer to have somebody to take care on her, so he writ to he Brer', which he ain't speak to fer long time, caze he done disgrace de fambly by being Gen'ral on de Yankee side, an' he tell him how de lan' lay, an' ax 'im to take Miss Amy. See, dem days de trains was all tore up, an' it were a long time 'fore he could get here, so when he did get here Ol' Marse done been put side he wife in de fambly buryin' groun'. De Gen'ral looked mighty han'some an' seemed mighty sorry when he looked down at he Brer's grave, but we never treated 'im no mo' 'an perlite, caze, axin' your pardon, Miss Rosalie, *in dem days* de best of de Yankees weren't no mo' 'an our po' white trash.

"Well he got ready right at dust to take Miss Amy 'way, an' sottle up things very business-like. De times war so mixed up dat dey couldn't take nothing 'way from 'de Homestead,' so dey jes locked de doh an' come away. An' it 's jes sot dare like dat for mo' 'an thirty years." Here Aunt Nancy

stopped rath r abruptly and smoothed her apron carefully, evidently expecting to be asked why the house had been so long vacant. The question came, and, casting a furtive glance behind her, she said in a loud whisper, "It 's hanted." Then, seeing a smile on Rosalie's face, she spoke with more determination. "Yes, ma'am, if you live here an' is foolhardy 'nough, you 'll see it, too. It ain't no bad hant, jes de fambly were so sad dat de place am jes bubbling over wid sorrer, and every time any young folks wat 's goin' to be married walks round near de place in de twilight time, Ol' Miss she jes steps down outter her picture wat 's over de mantelpiece in de parlor an' follows 'em round, kinder sighin' like. Cose, po' lady, she loved Ol' Marse, an' he went to war, an' Miss Amy she loved Marse Phillip an' he got killed, an' dat 's 'nough fer to make her spirit stay round de place tryin' to make young people not love theyselves so much. I hears from Miss Amy every Christmas an' she tells me not to b'lieve in hants, but, not being so well acquaint with spirits as me, she don't know dat no matter wat kind of hants dey is dey want to be lef' 'lone an' den dey 'll leave you 'lone. An' dat, Miss, is de reason 'de Homestead' 's been so lonesome like sence de war."

"Thank you, Nancy," said Rosalie, with a tear glistening in her eye, "thank you for telling me about the old place. The War will always seem very real to me after this. I don't believe we in the North realize that our Southern brothers are made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. Goodbye," she said, rising to go, "I want to hear more about 'The Homestead' to-morrow."

"Goodbye, Miss Rosalie," called Nancy heartily, "it sure is a pity as nice a young lady as you is a Yankee."

Rosalie was thoughtful for the rest of the evening, and the result of her thoughts was that she must, by all means, stay in Louisiana for some time, and not be just a Yankee girl but a Yankee and a Southerner combined. It was not hard to persuade her father and very soon the necessary letters were written to the former owners, and a score of workmen began to fit up "The Homestead" for its new inmates. Of course the furniture was all mildewed and ruined and, strange to say, the only thing which had escaped the storm of the elements for thirty years was the handsome oil painting of the former mistress of "The Homestead," which had fallen from its place on the wall and

lay face downwards on the floor. Rosalie would have nothing modernized and, restoring the frame, had the picture hung in its old place above the wide fireplace in the parlor. That fireplace contained one of those freaks of architecture which occur so unconsciously. Whenever the wind blew, and especially at night, there floated down the chimney strains of music, sometimes as beautiful as organ notes. Fearful lest the melody should be destroyed, little or nothing was done to this part of the house.

Early in November the new tenants took possession and all winter the place was running over with young Northerners, but it was not until April, when Rosalie's twenty-first birthday was to be celebrated, that the grand house party was to be given. After that, they were going North and she was to be married in the fall. To this fête she had invited the man of her choice, George Lyons, a young Philadelphia lawyer. The country folk were, at first, very distant and it was extremely hard to keep servants. The negroes were constantly imagining they saw "hants" and leaving at the most inopportune times. Aunt Nancy, too, held to her principle, "Leave hants alone an' dey 'll leave you alone," and only came at high noon and left long before sundown. But in the spring, when the air above the lagoon became heavy and humid and the Northern girl had a severe attack of fever, the villagers and negroes alike ran over each other in doing all in their power for her, and the barrier was broken.

At last, the day came when she was to come to her inheritance, so to speak. The house was beautifully festooned; for a week all hands had been decorating. The portrait above the parlor mantel showed to its best advantage with the ample folds of an old-rose drapery falling gracefully about it and all was in perfect taste. The evening was clear and fine and Rosalie, though pale and weak from her illness, was beautiful in her white gown, as she stood in the door, blushingly receiving congratulations. George Lyons was there and never very far from her. An impromptu ballroom had been made in the yard, and there was dancing and much merriment over cutting the cake, until a late hour. Rosalie was very happy—she did not dance much, but, during several intervals, had little talks with George, picturing that October day when their horoscopes should join.

About midnight a sharp wind arose and the guests from the country

began to disperse, and Rosalie, tired and worn out, went to the house a little earlier than the rest. As the gayety had been on the lawn, the house was not lighted except by the radiance of the full moon. As Rosalie went through the wide hallway, she heard strains of exquisitely sad music coming from the parlor and, thinking that one of her girl friends had left the dance early, she tipped to the door to scold her for playing so sad a tune on such a day. By the moonlight shed through the open window, she saw a figure sitting at the piano, swaying gently to the cadence of the music. Yielding to a sudden impulse, she went forward to put her fingers over the eyes of the girl. Her hands stretched out and clasped the head of the musician—only to clasp each other! And, looking down, she saw that the stool was empty. Her blood chilled and a wave of superstition rolled over her. She glanced at the portrait—the drapery had fallen, covering it entirely. Quickly she hastened from the room, and, at the hall door, convulsively clasped George, exclaiming, "Oh, George, I have seen her. I have seen her!"

"Seen who, dearest?" he asked, bewildered.

"The lady from the portrait!" she whispered, and fainted.

It was several days before Rosalie could leave her room and, by that time, trunks were packed and all were ready to leave two months before they had intended. Weak as she was, Rosalie's nerves were too unstrung to bear such a shock and it was some time before reason and reasoning made things clear for her.

The wind, blowing through the open window, had made the drapery of the portrait cast a weird shadow in the moonlight and had finally made it fall over. The music had come from the old chimney. That was all.

But what is such an explanation to those of the soil who know better! And if you will go in the neighborhood of that broad lagoon, an old white-haired negro woman will tell you the story of "The Homestead," with the additional story of "dem Yankees—an' dey was *nice* Yankees too—wat 's come here takin de haunts' place from dem. But, no sah, *de haunts dey don't give up; de white folks give up*"—and she points to a ruined old colonial building, weighed down with ivy.

ANNIE HENDREN PATRICK.

L'Envoi.

AFTER the last bell has rung, the last light extinguished, the last drowsy voice sunk to rest, "leaving the world to darkness and to me," then it is that gazing out upon the sleeping world, those sweetly solemn thoughts come to the watcher in the night. All around is peace and stillness, while over all the silvery moon casts her pale, soft light, veiling the ugly and clothing the world in a tender radiance. Beneath its rays our dear old Institute lies quiet and peaceful, wrapt in slumber. Dark are its many corridors save where the flickering gaslight throws its weird shadows, vacant are the schoolroom's many desks, so lately filled with busy girls, while all the voices of its merry, chattering occupants are hushed in slumber. No sound breaks the stillness in which that sheltering home of happy girlhood lies wrapt, save the restless tossing or indistinct murmuring of some tired inmate whose dreams are haunted by the memory of some unlearned lesson or unsolved problem of school-life. Then comes the memory of the day with its busy hours, crowded with its thousand little cares and duties, and so pleasantly intermingled with it all the little joys so necessary to school-life and so inseparable from it. Each hour with its accustomed duty or pastime stands out clear and distinct, often recalling a smile to our lips. And yet against the cares and restrictions that needs must form a part of the sweet and happy life our spirits often rebel, crying out for freedom, impatient of restraint and longing for the time when we shall cast aside all rules and live free and happy in the bright, dazzling world. But beyond these kind protecting walls, beyond the sleeping city, beyond those blue mountains, shining in the moonlight, encircling this quiet valley and shielding it from the pitiless wind and raging storm, is it all so bright, so fair, so beautiful, as in our dreams we picture it? Are there no cares and worries there, no haunting duties to perform, no tiresome lessons to learn? Will all be joy and happiness there, over those blue hills? Perhaps. And yet, what are those tales they tell of grief, and sorrow, and suffering? The tales of sin and cruelty, the tales of a life that is worse than death, of hearts that are broken and bleeding—are they true? We shudder with pain and fear at the thought and fain would rest alway 'neath thy kindly, sheltering wing, oh, home and guide of our youth!

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